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Kit slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers.

OVERLAND KIT:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "Witches of New York." "Wolf Demon." "White Witch." etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROAD-AGENTS.

Just as the full, round moon rose above the rocky peaks that hemmed in the Reese river, and cast her broad, bright beam down upon the little road that ran by the side of the stream, bathing hill, valley and rolling water in a flood of silvery light, the overland coach from Austen, bound for Ione, rolled

up to Kennedy's Ranche.

The driver descended from the box, bawled out "supper," and the passengers commenced to alight from the coach.

Down from the box, from his seat by the driver's side, came a stout, muscular Irishman, upon whose honest and good-humored face was a broad grin, caused by the pleas-ant announcement of the dinner. He was called Patsey Doolin. From the interior of called Patsey Doolin. From the interior of the Concord coach came a portly man, with a grave, staid face, lit up by large gray eyes and fringed by iron-gray hair. "Judge" Ephraim Jones, was one of the principal citizens of the mining camp, known as Spur City, that lay twenty miles beyond Kennedy's Ranche, and was the next stopping-place of the coach. ping-place of the coach.

Kennedy, the proprietor of the Ranche, greeted the Judge—every one called the merchant "judge," although the only reason for the title was his grave and stately man-

ner—with great respect.

After the Judge, came an elderly, white-haired man, with a fat, unctuous face, wherein twinkled two sharp little blue eyes. In form he was portly and commanding. An air of intense respectability sat upon him. He was evidently a man well to do in the world and are the full was detailed. the world and one who fully understood what good living meant. This well-pre-served old gentleman was from New York city, and was known as Salmon Rennet—by profession a lawyer, and reputed to be one of the keenest in all Gotham.

After descending to the ground, the old lawyer turned to the coach and gallantly

assisted a lady out.

A young and beautiful girl, some two and twenty years of age. In figure, she was tall and straight, exquisitely proportioned, the rounded outlines of her form giving fair promise of a glorious woman-hood. Her face oval; its complexion, the rich creamy hue of new milk and the blush of the crimson rose-leaf blended; eyes, dark-blue, rich and lustrous in their light;

her hair, the golden brown that seems to woo the sunbeams. She was called Bernice Gwyne. She was a wealthy heiress, or-phaned, and the old lawyer acted as a sort

of protector to her. A strange motive brought the fair young girl and the astute, comfort-loving old lawyer to the wild mining region, known as White Pine.

A few words will explain.

Twenty years before the time at which our story commences, two brothers were doing business together in New York—two men of Irish descent, Patrick and Daniel Gwyne. Daniel was the father of Bernice. Gwyne. Daniel was the father of Bernice. He died while she was but an infant. Bernice was taken in charge by her uncle, Patrick, who reared her as carefully as if she had been his own child. Patrick Gwyne had but a single scion—a son, some ten years older than Bernice, named Patrick, after himself.

Patrick, the father, was a steady, sober man of business; Patrick, the son, was a wild, reckless youth; all the fire of the old Irish blood was in his veins and swayed all

Vainly his father remonstrated with him upon his wayward course.

The blow that the anxious sire expected, came at last. In a drunken quarrel, in a gaming-house, young Patrick Gwyne stabbed one of his companions to the heart.

The blow really was struck in self-de-

fense, but the curse of Cain was upon the forehead of the reckless youth and he fled in haste from the city where he had first een the light.

Hot pursuit was given, for the dead youthcame of a wealthy family, who burned to avenge his death; but, in the Far West, amid the pine-clad sierras, where the golden mass lies deep hid in the rocky "pocket," and veins of silver streak the quartz, the fugitive found shelter and bid defiance to

Time, that in its flight brings forgetfulness in its train, covered young Patrick Gwyne and his crime from sight with the dark waters of oblivion.

The stern father, like the Roman parent of ancient time, cursed the son who had dishonored his race. He forbade the mention of his name within the household. The grave and silent man strove, in Bernice's love, to forget that he had once had a son. Six months before the time that our story

opens, old Patrick Gwyne died, leaving all his property to his niece, Bernice. The outcast son was not even mentioned in his will; though it was true that no one knew whether he was alive or dead, for, since the time of his flight from New York, ten years before, not a single word regarding him had

ever been received. Bernice waited until the estate was all settled up, and then coolly announced to Mr. Salmon Rennet—who, as the legal adviser of her deceased uncle, had charge of his affairs—that it was her intention to go to the Far West and discover whether her cousin, Patrick, was alive or dead, before she would

Patrick, was anve or dead, before she would touch one single penny of her uncle's money. Bernice had quite a little fortune of her own, inherited from her father.

The lawyer remonstrated, but in vain; the mind of the girl was fixed, and words could not turn her from her purpose.

She declared that she felt sure that her

She declared that she felt sure that her cousin was still living, and she would not touch the money that belonged by rights to

him.

This determination puzzled the old law-yer greatly. He had little idea of the rea-son that impelled the girl to act as she did.

Bernice, the child of twelve years, had loved her cousin, the youth of twenty; loved him as a child, but, as she grew to womanhood, she kept his memory green in her heart. Every night before she closed her eyes in sleep, his handsome, manly face floated before her eyes.

This love it were deen down in her heart

floated before her eyes.

This love it was, deep down in her heart, a perpetual well-spring of joy, that caused her to reject the suitors who had tried to win her smiles. It was this childish affection, strengthened by years into womanly love, which had brought her two thousand miles or more to seek the man who, for one wild not of precion when the welder in miles or more to seek the man who, for one wild act of passion, when the maddening fumes of liquor had fired his brain to frenzy, had been compelled to fly from civilized life and find a refuge amid the canons of the Far Western sierras, the haunts of the wolf, the red Indian, and the crime-stained white

At Bernice's urgent entreaty, the old law-yer had consented to accompany her on what he, not inaptly, termed a wild-goose

The great silver discoveries had just been made in the White Pine region, as the old lawyer and the young girl set out on their mission. All California was rushing there, mission. All California was rushing there, and, thinking if Patrick Gwyne lived, he might be attracted there too, the lawyer headed his course in that direction. There was also another motive: Rennet had a son who had been in business in San Francisco, failed there and had located at Spur City, the point to which the lawyer was now conducting Bernice.

The crafty and keen-witted old gentleman had formed a little scheme in which he needed his son's assistance.

he needed his son's assistance. Rennet had not the slightest hope of find-

ing any trace of the outcast, for whom Bernice was in search, but he had made up his mind to turn this western trip to serve his own purpose. What that was, our story will tell.

Judge Jones, the Irishman, Mr. Rennet and Bernice, were all the passengers that journeyed in the coach.

"Come, hurry up your cakes, old hoss!" cried the driver of the coach to Kennedy, the rancheman. The driver was called Ginger Bill, on account of his flowing red locks and beard.

In the mining districts few popular men but have some designation attached to their own proper name.

"Oh, I ain't got time to tarry, I ain't got time to wait, old hoss!" Billy sung at the top of his voice, crack-

ing his long whip in the air.
"What's your hurry?" asked Kennedy.
"Why, I want for to slap this coach inter Spur City afore twelve, you bet! I want to git a chance to shake a leg at the Eldorado afore I turn in."

"Rock back Davy cuttin' up a shine, Gal-with the red ha'r kickin' up ahind !"

"Supper 'll be ready in a minute. Didn't expect you so soon. You're ahead of time to-night."

"I'm jist old lightnin' now, furst thing you know! 'Sides, I wanted for to make here 'fore dark. The road 'tween here an' Jacobville ain't all hunky, arter sundown, since Overland Kit's taken to lookin' arter it," Bill said, significantly.

"Overland Kit? Who's he?" asked the lawyer, who was standing near by, with

lawyer, who was standing near by, with Bernice on his arm.

"Guess you're a stranger round hyer, ain't yer?" the driver asked.

"Yes, I am; but, who is this man?"

"I'll never tell yer, as we used for to say in old Kentuck'; you're too much for me, stranger," Bill answered.

"You see he's a road agent." Kennedy

You see, he's a road-agent," Kennedy Begorra! they need somebody to be after

luckin' to the road. Divil such a mane way I iver see'd afore "exclaimed the Irishman, in disgust. "I don't know whether I'm inside or out, anyway."

All laughed at the indignation of the Urishman.

What is the meaning of the term roadagent?" asked the lawyer, who guessed at once that the name had some peculiar signification attached to it.

"Oh, they're a polite set of gents, who stop the overland coaches, an' in order that the poor hosses shan't have too much to draw, they kindly relieves the galoots inside of any gold-dust, silver bricks, or any valuables of that sort, that they may happen to have along with 'em," the driver explain-

Robbers, in plainer words," Judge Jones

"Why the divil don't you fight the rapparees?" questioned Doolin.

"The company pays me for to drive the coach, not for to fight," replied Bill, coolly; that's extra, and ain't included in the bar-

But this Overland Kit?" "The leader of the most awful, cussed

set of road-agents that I ever heered tell on," said Kennedy, the ranche-keeper. "What is he like?" Rennet asked. "A good-sized fellow with his face kiver-ed with a black mask, and all on his face that ain't hid by the mask, a big black beard covers. He rides a big brown hoss with four white feet and a blaze in the forehead; thar ain't any thing on four legs in the shape of hossflesh in these parts that kin beat him. He drops onto the coach like a flash, goes through the passengers for all they're worth, an' then he's off ag'in, quicker'n a streak of greased lightnin'!"
"Supper!" howled one of the ranchemen,

stopping the story.
All proceeded into the house to attack the eatables, but thoughts of the road-agents were in every mind.

CHAPTER II.

THE SWOOP OF THE HAWK. THE meal was soon dispatched, and the cassengers again assembled around the

"Is there any danger of our meeting this Overland Kit between here and Spur City?" Rennet asked, just a little nervous at the

thought.
"Not much; never heered tell on the critter the other side of the ranche, hyer. He's got a roost up in the rocks somewhar', 'tween hyer an' Jacobville, I s'pect, 'cos he always swoops down, hawk-like, about ten

miles from hyer. Maybe you noticed whar the road runs through a big canon."

"Yes, I did," the lawyer said; "but I should think that the troops stationed in Austen would make quick work of this fellow and his band." Rennet had noticed, as the passed through Austen that a company he passed through Austen, that a company of United States cavalry was stationed there. "They've got to catch him first, you know," Bill said, with a laugh, "an' that ain't easy to do. He seems to smell out a sodjer jist as a cat smells out a mice. I've druve the coach over the road twice, filled with sodjers, expectin' that he'd come down on the coach, an' then they'd go for him. But, he never put in an appearance ary time. He's a kind of a generous sort uv a cuss; he never troubles any miner with his little pile, but allers goes for the express company's plunder. I reckon they've swored a heap at him. He went through you,

Judge, onc't, didn't he?"
"Yes," replied the merchant; "two thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust. It has always been a puzzle to me how he learned that I had that dust." "Oh, he' sharp, he is!" chimed in the I reckon, though, the sodjers will to camp one on these days. "Then

All aboard The passengers clambered into the coach. Bill took a long pull at Kennedy's whisky-flask, climbed up to his seat, cracked his whip over the leaders' ears, and the coach relied to the coach seat of the coach sea

rolled on.

The road winding round to the right, following the course of the stream, the ranche was soon lost to sight.

It was a glorious night. The bright beams of the moon made the way almost as light as by day. The light as by day. The swaying pines upon the hillsides, nodding sleepily in the gentle breeze, filled the mountain air with their

The conversation of the three in the coach turned upon the subject of the daring roadagent. Judge Jones gave a brief account

There are three in the band," said the Judge; "they have only been operating on this road for about a month. The express company has offered a large reward for their capture, but, as yet, they have eluded all attempts to arrest them. It is evident to me that these fellows belong to a regularly organized band, having spies in the princi-pal mining camps, for their information regarding the coaches that carry valuables and those that do not, is wonderful. They seldom attack a coach unless it has valuable express matter in it. The company are already out about ten thousand dollars, and they are sparing no pains to catch the rogues; but, as the driver said, they seem to scent the presence of the soldiers. It is a wonder that we have not been attacked, for we have some express matter that is very

'Why, I understood that the valuable express matter came from the mines," Ren-

"Gold and silver? Exactly; but the valuables we are carrying consist of Government notes for my bank," explained the

"It's a terrible risk to run," the old lawyer said, nervously.
"Yes, but, if these fellows had attacked

us, it might have cost them dearly. As usual, though, I suppose they have smelt out the trap," replied the Judge, significantly. Hardly had he uttered the words, when the coach came to a sudden halt, that almost pitched the passengers out of their

The Judge and the lawyer stuck their heads out of the coach windows, one each side

The coach had stopped in a narrow defile, partially shaded from the moonlight by the tall pines that grew on the sides of the ra-

Some twenty paces up the road, just at the further entrance to the ravine, were three horsemen, ranged side by side, mo-

The flickering moonbeams, that stole through the branches of the pines, played in rays of silvery light upon the polished revolver-barrels which the three horsemen leveled at the coach.

"It's the road-agents!" exclaimed the Judge, withdrawing his head from the coach window as he spoke.

Bernice gave a little scream of fright. Ilmost at the same instant, the bright flash f ignited gunpowder broke upon the air by the side of the coach, and the sharp crack of a pistol rung out on the still night breeze. The three in the coach looked at each ther in astonishment, for the shot was fired lose by them, and the smoke had floated in

Hallo! what do you mean by that shot?" advancing slowly toward the coach. His voice was harsh and commanding.

The full, black beard that came from under his mask, as well as the brown horse he rode, marked with four white feet and a bright blaze in the forehead, told that the speaker was the notorious road-agent, Over-'Durned ef I know," replied Bill.

s'pect one of the we'pons inside went off at half-cock. 'Twa'n't fired at you, anyway." "Tell them to throw their weapons out on the road, or I'll put a bullet through you!" cried Overland Kit, sternly.

Hold on your mule-team now! don't be in a hurry," answered Bill, his natural cool ness never deserting him. Then he bent over and addressed the two in the stage "Gents, if you don't want to attend a first-class funeral to-morrow, jest throw your we'pons out into the road." 'I am not armed," the Judge replied.

Nor I," said Rennet. "All co-rect!" exclaimed Bill; then he addressed the highwayman, who had ridden up to the head of the leaders. "The gents inside say they hain't got ary we'pons."
"They lie!" returned the road-agent,

promptly. "Maybe they do; I'll never tell you!" Bill said, calmly.

"Who have you got inside?"
"Judge Jones, of Spur City, and a fat
cuss from the East, are the he-males; one

lady," replied the driver.
"No. 1!" called the highwayman The horseman on the right of the road galloped up.
"Draw a bead on the driver; if he offers

"S'pose I want to scratch my head?" 'If you don't keep your mouth shut, i'll catch cold," cried Kit, sharply.

to stir, put a ball through him.

The other horseman galloped up. "Ride down the road a dozen paces, and keep a sharp look-out toward Kennedy's. I've an idea that that pistol-shot was fired as a signal. There may be some nice little

trap ready to spring upon us."

The horseman obeyed the order and took his station some hundred paces down the

Overland Kit rode up to the coach and peered in through the window.

"The slightest attempt at resistance will cost all of you your lives," he said, harshly. "Judge Jones, good-evening! Glad to see that you're looking so well. I fear I must trouble you to hand out the leather bag full of bank notes that you've got under your seat. I think that I'll open a bank myself

in opposition to yours, and I want some notes to start on." 'You have been sadly misinformed, sir,' said the Judge, making a great effort to ap-

'Oh, no! not much," replied the robber. "Come, hand over the valuables. I suspect that you and the express company have got some sort of a trap arranged for me. You washed walls show no sign of dirt, except above a certain table, where the pride of paddy's Flat—Yellow Jim—"lined" Gosome sort of a trap arranged for me.

a trap fixed, you would have tried to smug-gle the valuables in, so as to have kept me from knowing which coach they went by. You fired that pistol-shot as a signal."
"I give you my word, I haven't a weapon, sir!" exclaimed the Judge.
"Because you've flung it down in the bushes here, somewhere. You can't pull the wool over my eyes." The robber put his head still further into the window. As he did so, he caught sight of the pale face of the girl.
"Begrice Gwyne" he cried in great as the girl.
"Bernice Gwyne!" he cried, in great as-nishment, while a violent shudder shook

All within the coach wondered at the knowledge of the road-agent.
Crack! Out on the still air rung the sharp report of a carbine-shot.
"The soldiers, by heaven!" cried the robber, withdrawing his head from the which the strain of the short state of the robber with the state of the soldiers.

dow, and gathering up the reins of his

The man whom Kit had designated as No. 2 came dashing up the road, the blood streaming from a wound in his cheek.

"The sodjers, cap'; they've muffled their hosses' feet, I s'pect, for they were on me afore I knew it!" he cried.

"Ride for your life!" Kit exclaimed.

"Judge, I'll settle with you for this, some

day!"

Up the road dashed the robbers.

"Leave us a lock of your hair!" yelled Bill, as the two dashed past him.

Around the turn in the road came a dozen cavalrymen in hot haste. As the robber had suspected, the soldiers had wrapped the feet of their horses in blankets, and thus deadened the sound of their tread.

"Go fur 'em!" shouted Bill, in huge de light, as the soldiers, carbine in hand, firing at the road-agents, rode past the coach.

The passengers inside, regardless of the danger, looked eagerly out of the windows,

anxious to see the fray.

On went the highwaymen, and close be-

hind came the soldiers. The pursued and pursuers swept onward through the dark and narrow defile and out into the rolling country beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted,

though, than were the soldiers, whose horses, too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire. They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more,

and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into

CHAPTER III. THE "HEART-WOMAN."

SPUR CITY! a mining camp nestled by the side of the Reese river, numbering, per haps, some five hundred souls, all told. city built of canvas and wood, and peopled by as motley a crew as ever the sun shone upon. Men of all nations and of all hues.

Every second house was a drinking or gaming saloon. Red-shirted, huge-bearded white miners recklessly staked their gold-dust, side by side with the yellow Chinese and the swarthy son of Africa.

The principal building in the city was a two-story shanty, rudely constructed out of unplaned boards. This was the hotel; the popular resort for all the idlers, when the shades of night put an end to the city was a great night for Spur City when Jinnie opened the Eldorado. Everybody attended for ten miles around.

When the crowd surged into the saloon and gazed about them in astonichment. shades of night put an end to the eager search for mineral wealth.

The hotel was known as the "Eldorado Saloon." The first floor was fitted up as a bar-room; probably, to the majority of the inhabitants of Spur City, this part of the stopping-place was decidedly more attractive than any other.

A long bar extended across the end of the

ehind the bar was shelving, display ing bottles, glasses and cigar-boxes. A few common pine tables, with benches, were placed at regular intervals along the sides of the room. The first proprietor of the "Eldorado" had provided chairs—"tip-top Eastern style," as he claimed; but the first "free discussion" that took place in the saloon—it happened on the opening night, be tween the rival partisans of "Paddy's Flat" "Gopher Gully"-demolished all the chairs. By the time the "Flat" party had "cleaned out" the denizens of the "Gully," there wasn't a whole chair left!

The next morning, the enterprising New Englander who had opened the "Eldorado" looked over the battle-field in dismay. He cleared away the remains of the chairs, and provided benches, But, at the very next "discussion" that

took place, every bottle and glass in the saloon went to smash.

The hotel-keeper retreated, "a bu'sted man," as he laconically expressed it.

Two or three others essayed to show the Spur-Cityites that they understood "how to keep a hotel," but the rampant spirit of the miners was too much for them.

The Eldorado went from bad to worse.

Then, suddenly, a change came over its fortunes. A new hand took the helm; not a paw of iron, but soft white fingers.

No longer was the Eldorado saloon select-

ed as the battle-ground of opposing clans. Peace reigned within its walls. Even the rough oaths of the bearded miners were hushed into a low growl. If a stranger, ignorant of the rules that governed the hotel, and thinking that, as long as he paid his money, he had a right to do as he pleased. and make himself as disagreeable as possi ble, would yell out an offensive imprec some stalwart neighbor would take it upor some statwart neighbor would take it upon himself to inform the stranger that he must behave better, or be speedily "h'isted" out.

Few men, after a glance around at the lowering faces, but had sense enough to

obey the warning.

And what had wrought this wondrous change in the manners of the patrons of the saloon?—for the frequenters of the Eldorado now were the same men who had "bu'sted'

now were the same men who had "bu'sted" the former proprietors.

Look around the saloon! If you are quick at guessing, a glance will tell you.

It is just midnight. The place is full of men drinking and smoking; the inhabitants of Spur City do not retire early.

Every thing within the saloon is neat as wax. The floor is white—and the mud of Spur City can't be excelled—the white.

Spur City can't be excelled—the white-

pher's pet-Dave Reed-in with a knot-hole on the wall, but missed him, owing to Dave's quickness in firing his derringer through his pocket without drawing it, and drilling a hole through Jim's elbow, thereby throwing his shot out of line. The mark of the stray bullet on the wall still remained, a touching remembrance of the old times. when the Eldorado was good for one free fight, at least, per night. Over the little mirror that is flanked by the bottles on the shelf, a couple of pine branches are tastily arranged. Pine branches also ornament the whitewashed walls, their dark, cool green a lelightful contrast to the glaring white On each rude table a tumbler is placed, containing a little bunch of wild flowers, encircled by green sprays.

All gives evidence of woman's careful

hand The secret is out! The magic power that had tamed the unruly miners, and that run" the Eldorado successfully, was feminine witchery.

Behind the bar, serving her patrons, as sisted by a grave-faced Chinaman, was the woman who kept the Eldorado.

A woman?

A woman?

No, only a child; nothing more.

A girl, barely sixteen; slight and fragile in form, with a grave and earnest face; the form of a girl, the face of a woman. Great masses of red-gold hair that gleamed in the candle-light like winding threads of fire, dividend around her temples and hume in clustered around her temples and hung in tangled masses down to her shoulders; clear gray cyes, large and full, looked out above the sun-kissed cheeks. The firmly-com-pressed lips—that glowed with the carnation's hue, and were as soft and fresh as the rosebud kissed by the dew of the morning shut over the little white teeth, and the pe culiar lines about the mouth plainly reveal

ed—to one gifted with the art of reading nature in the face—that the girl had a will of her own, and a mind far beyond her

Ask one of the bearded miners her name and he will reply, "Jinnie."
"Jinnie what?"

"Why, 'Eldorado Jinnie.'"
Ten to one that he has forgotten her whole name; and yet it is hardly a year since old Tom Johnson—commonly known as drunken Tom Johnson, to distinguish him from another Tom Johnson, whose Spur City appellation was Big-nosed Smith —had fallen into the river and drowned in a foot of water. He had fallen on his face, wandering to his tent in the darkness, and was too much under the influence of liquo to turn over and make an effort for his

The miners made up a little purse for the orphan girl, whom drunken Tom Johnson had always taken good care of in his rough way, and three or four of them held a sort of a council to decide what they had better do for the "little gal," as they termed Jin-nie. These few had been cronies of her fa-

Jinnie was consulted in regard to the subject; she thanked them for their kindness, but said she had already decided what to

All Spur City was astonished when it was announced, a week after Johnson's death, that little Jinnie had leased the Eldorado saloon and was going to run it as a first-class hotel—first-class for Spur City.

The miners wisely debated where the

money had come from, for drunken Tom Johnson never was known to save a cent, But one thing was evident, Jinnie had plenty of money, for she opened the place in good style.

It was a great night for Spur City when

the change that the girlish brains had wrought, one of the foremost of the roug crowd was Dick Talbot—"Gentleman Dick, as he was called by some; "Injun Dick," a he was called by others. The first name given, because he wore "store-clothes," a white shirt, always clean—he was the only man in Spur City that could boast such a luxury—polished boots and kid gloves. The second, because he was as cool as a bank of snow melting under the shadows of the pines in a mountain canon, wily as panther, cunning as a fox; a man who knew not what fear was, who never turned his back on a foe, or hesitated to back a friend in a fair fight; quick as lightning or the trigger, spry as a cat with a bowie knife; the best two-handed sparrer that ever set foot in the Reese river valley, and the finest poker-player that ever handled a deck

Therefore, a popular man in Spur City as "Injun Dick." A brief speech he made to the crowd. He told of the orphan girl, left alone and trying to make an honest living—that Spur City needed a hotel, and she could keep it—that the first man that kicked up a row in the Eldorado would have to meet him and would get wiped out, if he was able to do it. The remarks were brief and quite to the point; no bluster or bravado, but delivered with a coolness that was far more impressive

The Eldorado became a "fixed fact." Of course at first there had been some little trouble; some few skirmishes; but Injun Dick first run the offending parties out of the saloon and then administered a scientific thrashing. The parties who received the aforesaid never needed a second warning.

So at the time of which we write, the Eldorado had run a year as a saloon, restaurant and hotel, under the supervision of Jinnie, assisted by the grave and quiet Chinese, Ah Ling, who attended to the cooking department.

The Eldorado was only waiting for the

coach to come in to close up for the night.

Just as the clock, that was ticking on the bar, struck twelve, a man, who was dressed so differently from the other patrons of the room, that he looked like the inhabitant of another land, entered the saloon.

A single look at the muscular, well-knit

figure, that just reached the medium hight; the springy step that told of the wondrous power that dwelt within the muscles of the leg; the firm, well-shaped head, with its close-cut black hair, its pale features, darkblue eyes, drooping mustache and little pointed beard, that, German fashion, adorn-ed the chin alone, the rest of the face being smoothly shaven, told that the new-comer was "Injun Dick."

Talbot seated himself at the table nearest

to the bar, which happened to be unoccu-

Make me a hot whisky, Jinnie," he said, a peculiar look upon his pale features.

While the girl was preparing the drink, she watched his face narrowly. She saw that something was the matter with the

coolest head that had ever sat on man's Jinnie brought the steaming liquid, and

Jinnie brought the steaming liquid, and placing it before Talbot, sat down upon the other side of the table.

Injun Dick drained the glass at a draught.

"Make me another one, you heathen?" he said, addressing the Chinese,

"Me do—allee same," replied Ah Ling, grinning in a friendly manner at Talbot. He had a high respect for Dick, who had once saved him from being ducked in the Reese by a party of rough miners.

"What's the matter, Dick?" the girl asked, anxiously: "you very seldom drink asked, anxiously; "you very seldom drink

any thing." "Jinnie, old times are coming back to me. I don't drink whisky generally, because my business needs a cool hand and a clear head; drink interferes with both. But, just now I want to forget if I can. I'm out of sorts to-night."

"What is it?" "I can't tell you! I don't know myself! But, Jinnie, I feel as if something was going to happen to me. I've been up to Gopher Gully having a little game of poker, and, would you believe it, Jinnie, every hand I've

had to night, I've held the queen of hearts— a heart-woman—as the fortune-tellers say."

"And what does that mean?" "Why, that a heart-woman is going to cross my track; and almost every time, Jinnie, the ace of spades has been the next card to it. That means bad luck—death perhaps. I ain't generally superstitious, but, something's made me awful nervous tomicht"

"A heart-woman?" said Jinnie, thought-fully; "what is a heart-woman like, Dick?" "Why, a woman about the same style as

yourself; blue eyes and brownish hair."
"It's strange that you should be nervous, Dick," the girl said, with a sidelong glance

into his face.
"We all have our dull moments sometimes, my girl," he replied, a sad expression

The Chinaman brought the liquor and placed it on the table.

"Muche likee—good heapee," he said, grinning, and then returned to his former

"I hope, Dick, that if any danger threatens you, it will come openly," Jinnie said,

ens you, it will come openly, Jinnie said, thoughtfully.

"Why so?" Talbot asked in surprise.

"So that I can help you meet it, and so pay off a little of the debt I owe you," she said, low and earnestly:

"You owe me?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes. Oh! you mustn't think that I for-

get!"
"You must think that I have got a bad memory," he said, quickly. "Do you think that I've forgotten when the Reese was coming down like a hungry panther, and a helpless man was struggling in the icy waters, how somebody dashed into it, spite of the junks of ice and tree-trunks and of the junks of ice and tree-trunks, risked her life to save mine? When I forget that, Jinnie, just conclude that Injun Dick has passed in his checks, and will 'chip in' again nary a time."

A warm blush overspread the features of the girl's face as he spoke. A sweet feeling of joy filled all her young heart. "No, Jinnie, I never yet forgot a friend

I've always tried to pay my debts. But, it's strange, this queer feeling that has come over me. I believe in luck, and a little

in presentiments; and, just now, I feel shaky about what's ahead."

He raised the glass to his lips; just then, the door opened and Ginger Bill conducted Mr. Rennet and Bernice into the saloon. A convulsive gasp came from Talbot's lips, and the glass dropped from his nerveless hand to the floor, where it was shattered

into a dozen pieces.
"The heart-woman!" he murmured, as he caught sight of Bernice's face. (To be continued.)

The Detective's Ward: THE FORTUHES OF A BOWERY GIRL.

BY AGILE PENNE, AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL, THE ORANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.omed How BEGINNING THE ATTACK.

LILL had been a resident at the Ollkoff mansion just a week. She had changed greatly during that time; altered both in greaty during that time; aftered both in looks and manners. Few would have recognized, in the lady-like girl, the street wanderer. Even the shrewd John Peters wondered at the change. As for the retired merchant, whose bounty had effected the wonderful alteration, he grew to love the girl more and more. There was a keen common-sense, an honesty, inherent in the girl's nature that was strangely captivating.

Lill spoke her mind with a frankness
truly refreshing. The old merchant chuckled
at her odd speeches. Algernon wondered at them, for he never had met a girl like her before; and Dollie Blake told the young man in confidence that she couldn't help liking Lill, although she had tried her best

And thus matters stood in the Ollkoff household.

The parlor clock had just chimed ten, when John, the servant, entered the room where the old gentleman sat, deep in the columns of the morning paper, and presenting a card said that the owner, who was waiting at the door, desired to see Mr. Ollkoff on particular business.
"Col. Roland Peyton," muttered the old

gentleman, thoughtfully, as he read the name on the card. "I don't know any such man. Are you sure he wants to see me, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, "and he desired me to say that his business was very Very well, show him in," said the merchant.

"I wonder what the deuce he wants with me?" Ollkoff murmured, trying to remember if he had ever heard the name of his visitor before. The servant conducted the visitor into

the parlor, then left the room. The Virginian colonel—for old Ollkoff's visitor was Algernon's friend, Peyton in person—advanced with an easy grace and bowed with exaggerated politeness to the old gentleman.

At a single glance, Ollkoff summed up the visitor. He had encountered many a scheming adventurer in his life, and he under stood the breed too well to be deceived. "You wish to see me, sir?" he said,

dering a chair.

"I presume I have the honor of addressing Mr. Obadiah Ollkoff?" the colonel said, not in the least abashed by his cool recep-

Yes, sir, that is my name," Ollkoff re-

"Yes, sir, that is my name," Ollkoff replied, shortly.

"It gives me great pleasure, sir, to meet with a gentleman as distinguished in the annals of trade as yourself."

Ollkoff gave vent to a dry cough. From the style of the stranger's speech he anticipated an attack upon his pocket-book.

"Allow me to introduce myself," continued the colonel, with a graceful wave of his hand; "I am Colonel Roland Peyton of Virginia though at present residing in New Virginia, though at present residing in New

"I beg your pardon, sir," Ollkoff said, coldly, "but if you have business with me, I must trouble you to proceed to it at once."
"Ex-actly!" replied the colonel, with another flourish. "I see, my dear sir, you still retain the habits of a man of business, although I believe that you have long since retired from the busy haunts of trade." Will you have the goodness, sir, to ex-

plain your business without further prefix?' exclaimed the old man, impatiently. "Of course!" cried the colonel, in his oily way. "I trust that you will not think for a moment that I desire to infringe one little second longer on your valuable time

than is absolutely necessary to explain my business. I trust you will excuse me if I take a chair?' Ollkoff nodded. He did not think it worth his while to waste words on the man

who he felt convinced was some adventurer on a begging errand.
"Thank you," said the colonel, very politely. Then taking a chair he drew it up near to Ollkoff and sat down in it. Once seated, the colonel cast a suspicious glance around him. Ollkoff opened his eyes in as-

tonishment at the strange manner of the

"I suppose, sir, that our interview will be strictly private?" the colonel said, in a tone of question.
"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the merchant, a little annoyed at the words of

"Walls have ears, you know—the old saying," replied the colonel, mysteriously. "Those doors, for instance, lead to a back

parlor, I-suppose?"
"Well, sir, what if they do?" cried Ollkoff, sharply.
"Oh, nothing," replied the colonel, carelessly; "only if any of your servants or any other members of your household should happen to be in that room," and here the colonel's manner became very mysterious

again, "they might be able to overhear our conversation."
"It is not likely, sir, that any one in this house will condescend to play the part of an eavesdropper upon us; but, even if some one by accident should overhear what we have to say, I can not see what difference it would make." Ollkoff's manner was far

from being amiable.
"To me it wouldn't make the slightest difference, of course; but to you it would doubtless be very unpleasant," the colonel

replied.
Ollkoff stared at his visitor in astonishment. He detected that there was a hidden meaning, fraught with menace, in the words of his visitor.

"Unpleasant to me?" the merchant said, "Of course!" the colonel exclaimed, a look of surprise upon his face. "Oh! I forgot! How stupid I am!" and the colonel tapped his forehead with his fingers. "You don't know what I'm going to say to you.

Of course not! how could you?" And the
adventurer smiled beamingly in the face of
the merchant.

"For the last time, sir, may I request that you will have the goodness to explain your business!" cried the merchant, petu-

lantly.
"Of course—certainly!" and with another beaming smile, the colonel adjusted the double eye-glasses upon his nose. "In the first place you will have the kindness to answer me one question?"

"That depends altogether upon what that question is," replied Ollkoff, dryly.
"Ah!" and the colonel nodded his head in a knowing manner; "I see, my dear sir, that you have not forgotten the legal experience which long years of business has in-stilled into your nature. You do not commit yourself rashly. See how different I am; a soldier, I only know enough about law to teach me to keep away from it all I

"Will you explain your business, sir?" exclaimed Ollkoff, beginning to lose his

"Certainly," replied the colonel, blandly. "In the first place, the question: "You have a young lady in this house who answers to the name of Lillian?" Ollkoff started in amazement, and stared

in the smiling face of the colonel. The blow was an unexpected one. He felt that it was the commencement of an attack. The keen eye of the colonel noted the confusion of the merchant. With an effort, Ollkoff recovered his composure. "Well, sir, I don't know that you have any right to ask such a question!" the merchant exclaimed, in a tone of anger.

"Ah! and you decline to answer it?" the "I think the question an impertinent one, and I question your right, sir, to question me, regarding the inmates of my house!" cried Ollkoff, defiantly.

"Let me see!" said the colonel, thought-

fully; ""when you have no ease, bully the opponent's lawyer." That's something like the good old legal advice, isn't it? And that's what you are trying to do in this instance, but, my very dear sir, it won't work. I am a man of the world, and one not easily bullied. To use the slang, that sort of thing is 'played out' with me. It is useless for you to attempt to evade or deny the fact.

"Well, what if I have?" demanded Ollkoff, indignantly.
"Do you know the history of this girl?"

You have in this house a young girl named

asked the colonel, quietly, and as he spoke, he bent forward and fixed his eyes full on the face of the merchant. Ollkoff's face flushed for a moment and the muscles of his mouth contracted. Then, with a great effort to appear calm, he spoke. "I decline, sir, to answer your questions, and if you have no other business with me,

Oh, I've got a great deal to say yet," replied the colonel, coolly. "You see, I thought it proper before I explained my business, to, in a measure, prepare you for it; the same as in a battle, you know; we curtly, without rising from his seat or tenfight on the skirmish line before we attack

the quicker you end this interview the bet-

you."
"You know it?" cried Ollkoff, in wonder. "You know it? Cried Onkon, in wonder,
"Oh, yes," replied the colonel, in his
usual cool way; "a man who travels round
the world, and keeps his eyes open, sees
many strange things. I understand that you
intend to adopt this girl."

"Who told you that?" demanded Ollkoff,

"Suppose, now, I should reply as you did, but a moment ago, and say that I decline to answer your question?" asked the adventurer, with a sarcastic smile.

Enough, sir; you need not reply!" cried koff. "But, you have been rightly in-Ollkoff. "But, you have been rightly informed, sir; I do intend to adopt the girl."
""Man proposes, fate disposes," said the colonel, with a smile full of meaning.
"What do you mean, sir?" Ollkoff's anger was again rising.
"Just what I said. You propose to adopt this girl known as Lillian; fate disposes that you shall not do any thing of the sort."
Ollkoff began to believe that he was talk-

Ollkoff began to believe that he was talk-

ing with a madman.

"I tell you again, sir, that I intend to adopt the girl!" he said, angrily.

"And I tell you that, if a certain person

objects, you won't do any thing of the sort,' replied the colonel. And who is that person?" asked Ollkoff. in wonder.
"Her father!" replied the colonel, triumph

> CHAPTER XI. THE PROPOSAL.

"HER father!" ejaculated the old man, in utter astonishment.
"Yes—her—father," replied Peyton, coolly and deliberately; it was plain that he

was enjoying his triumph.

"He is not living!" cried Ollkoff.

"Oh, yes, he is; you see, my means of information are much better than yours."

"Hark ye, sir, I do not believe that you know any thing about the girl at all."
"How incredulous you are!" exclaimed the colonel, in a tone wherein wonder and sarcasm were strangely blended. "I have already told you that I propose to relate to you the history of this girl, and, now, you deliberately tell me that you do not believe that I know any thing about it at all. To convince you that you are wrong in your surmise, I will relate to you a short story. Eighteen years ago, in the employ of a certain firm in this city of New York, were two clerks; one named Obadiah Ollkoff, the other, Harry Belford.'

The merchant started at the name and looked searchingly into the face of the other, but the colonel bore the scrutiny without flinching.
"Oh, you needn't look at me!" cried Pey-

ton; he had guessed the thought of the other. "You won't see the features of Harry Belford in my face."

He was right, for Ollkoff could not detect the slightest resemblance to the man who had once been his fellow clerk.

"The two men—to continue my story—were chums, although their habits and dispositions were as unlike as day and night Belford was a free-hearted, dashing young fellow, nothing of the Puritan about him while Ollkoff was sober and reserved, parson,' as he was commonly called. You'll excuse my personal allusion; the man who relates history must speak without fear or favor!" exclaimed the colonel, grand-elo-

'Go on, sir, and be as brief as possible!" said the merchant, coldly.

"Certainly; these two men, fellow clerks, fell in love with the same woman, a blackhaired, black-eyed beauty, named Louise

The speaker paused after he pronounced the name, as if to note the effect of it upon Ollkoff. He was playing with him as the cat plays with the mouse. But, except that the face of the merchant was a shade paler, he betrayed no sign of emotion.

"Of course a man of your keenness would instantly guess, even if you did not know—as you do—the facts in the case, that the lady preferred the gay and dashing Harry Belford to the sober-minded Ollkoff. Belford wooed and won the lady. Two years only he enjoyed his bride; then the storm of misfortune came thick about him. His wife deserted him, carrying with her the baby girl that Heaven had sent to bless his home. From that day to this, he has never seen his wife; bat, at last, fate has proved kind to him, and he has found his child."
"I do not understand," said Ollkoff,

"Because you do not wish to understand. This girl, Lillian, is the daughter of Louise

You can not prove that!" "Do you want me to try whether I can or no?" asked the colonel, quickly.

Ollkoff did not reply.
"In the first place, the girl is the living image of her mother. That resemblance betraved the secret to you. You loved the mother; lost her; but, now, you have obtained possession of her child. I think that it is extremely probable that the same hand that took the mother from you will also take the daughter."

You are speaking of the man once known as Belford." "Exactly. I understand what you mean by 'once known.' You are insinuating that

he is no longer known by that name "To use your own word, 'exactly'!" replied Ollkoff, dryly. "A criminal from justice—gambler—forger—rascal of all grades; it is not likely that he dares to bear his own name."

True; in the wildness of youth, he may have committed some foolish acts, that, for while, necessitated his speedy departure for a foreign clime; but, that was years ago. Time brings forgetfulness. It is extremely probable that he could walk the streets of New York to-day as Harry Belford without endangering his personal liberty in the least."
"Well?"

"Well!" cried the colonel, in affected amazement. "You speak in a tone of question. Don't you understand? girl, Lillian, whom you propose to adopt as your daughter, is the child of your former companion, Belford. Belford is still alive; is in New York to-day; he has seen his child; the holy feelings of paternal love swell in his breast, and he has made up his mind to have the girl Lillian.'

Full of menace was the tone of the colo-

"Give the girl up to his tender mercies?

Never!" cried Olkoff, impetuously.

"Then he appeals to the law. What power can tear a child from its parent?" 'His bad character-his vile associates

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Peyton, quickly; "you are speaking of the past, not of the future. Suppose they put you on the witness stand, what can you tell of Harry Belford to-day? The chances are ten to one that you wouldn't know him, if you met him in the street. You can say that, sixteen years ago, he fled from New York to escape a prosecution for forgery. York, to escape a prosecution for forgery; but, since that time, what do you know of him? Can you say aught, good or bad? No! What his life has been since that time, you can not even guess. His record may be as black as ink, or as white as snow."

"You have come here, then, I suppose, as an agent of this man, to demand this girl?" said ollkoff, thoughtfully. 'That is my errand. "And if I refuse to give her up?"
"Then the father will call upon the courts of law to do him justice."

"Be it so. I will never resign the girl to his hands until I am compelled to do so," replied Ollkoff, firmly. Now I think of it, there may be a way

in which this matter may be arranged," the colonel said, caressing his glossy side-whiskers, with a thoughtful air. Indeed-how? Of course, when Mr. Belford discovered

that his daughter was in your care, his ancient foe, he naturally felt angry. He was for taking the girl away from you at once, without warning; but, yielding to my counsel, he consented to listen to reason. Mr.

Belford is not rich; you are—"
"I understand!" cried Ollkoff, scornfully.
"This father, whose feelings are outraged because the child—for whom he has never provided—is in my hands, is yet willing to "" her to me."

sell her to me."

"Exactly," replied Peyton, coolly; "you have hit the right nail on the head. It's a pleasure to do business with such a tho-

"I begin to perceive that Mr. Harry Belford is as big a scoundrel as ever," Ollkoff said, disdainfully.

"Oh, don't call names. In justice to my principal, I shall have to put them in the bill. The more abuse, the more money it will cost you," and the colonel laughed,

In fact, taking advantage of my love for this poor girl, you are going to use her to wring money out of me?"
"That's the idea. As I said before, you

are rich—able to pay for your luxuries. We—Mr. Harry Belford and myself—intend that you shall pay for this one," said the colonel, coolly. "We strike oil in you." How much

Ah!" and Peyton rubbed his hands together, gleefully; "that's business. Five thousand dollars."

thousand dollars."

"Five thousand?"

"Yes. For that sum the father will sign the girl over to you. It's cheap. Consider the lacerated feelings of a father's heart—parting with his only child. 'Pon my soul! if I were in Belford's place, I shouldn't let was a few lader to the word."

off under ten thousand."
Have you calculated the difficulty that your principal may have in establishing his claim to the girl?" asked Ollkoff.

"Oh, yes; we have calculated every thing," replied Peyton, confidently. "You are not dealing with chickens, but with two tough old roosters. We've traveled some seen the world-know the points-how to play 'em; and, better still, we're not afraid of our game, for we know we hold the winning hand."

mand, and you beat me at law, and thus take the girl from me, what will you do with her?"

"Make her support the parent, who is getting old and lazy, and doesn't feel like supporting himself any longer. She's young and pretty, tough and strong. If she takes after her mother, she's got a good ear for music. Why, they give large salaries in the music-halls for pretty girls who can

"And her brute of a father would doom her to such a life?" cried Ollkoff, in indig-

"Any thing to make money out of her," replied the colonel, coarsely. "If you don't want her to go to ruin, you had better give our price. Plank down five thousand dol-lars, and we'll never trouble you again." "How long will you give me to think over this matter?" asked the old man,

thoughtfully. "Just four-and-twenty hours," replied Peyton. "Of course, you will not attempt any underhand work between now and

No, sir!" said Olkoff, quickly. "It wouldn't do you much good to attempt it, because you've got keen hounds on the scent, and they'd run you to earth in no time, double as you may."

"Threats are useless, sir; I have given you my word," replied the old man, slowly. Now that we have come to an under standing, I will take my departure," said the colonel, rising. "I trust that you will see the wisdom of submitting to our modest demand. 'Tisn't every father that would sell his only daughter for five thousand dollars. It's dirt cheap. At this hour to-morrow, I shall have the honor of calling upon you again. By the way, have the five thousand in bills-no check; great trouble to cash them sometimes, and, once in a vhile, they conceal a trap. Good-morning. Bowing gracefully, the colonel departed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DETECTIVE'S COUNSEL. WITH a smiling face, and a self-satisfied look in his crafty eyes, the adventurer de-scended into the street. He twirled the little cane around in his fingers as usual, and marched down the street with head erect. He scented triumph in the air.

"Aha! I shall get that five thousand!" he muttered. "It is a deuced sight better to finger the cash now than to wait and depend upon young Algernon. The chances are ten to one against his ever getting the old man's estate. No, no, I have managed it far better. Mr. Harry Belford ought to be satisfied with the very able manner in which I have carried the affair through. came near losing my temper once, though and if that had happened, all the fat would have been in the fire. This cursed hot temper of mine has worked me evil enough already. It's about time that I got it under. Let me get this money, and hard fortune and I will part company for a while. This is the most pleasant prospect that I've had a most pleasant prospect that I've had a way to be a long day." presented to my view for many a long day.' The colonel swaggered along with a far

isually showed. To judge from his face, Colonel Roland Peyton had seen some pretty hard times in his life.

brighter smile on his wan features than they

Ollkoff, after the departure of his visitor, sat for some time in deep thought. The blow that had fallen upon him had been to-tally unexpected. By accident he had met Lill in the street, saw the wonderful resemblance that she bore to the only woman he had ever loved, and guessed that she was the child of that woman. Acting on the thought, he had dispatched the detective in quest of the girl. And now, as he thought over the past, the shrewd detective, Peters, came into his mind "The very man!" he cried, emphatically.

He can advise me in this matter if any one can. I'll send for him at once."

The old gentleman wrote a note to the detective, and dispatched the servant with

"There; when he comes, I will lay the whole matter before him. He is a shrewd fellow; used, too, to dealing with these rascals; his advice will be valuable." Ollkoff waited with impatience until Pe-

The detective was shown into the parlor—the servant had luckily found Peters at home—and the old merchant proceeded at once to relate the whole particulars of his interview with the gentleman who had called himself Colonel Roland Peyton.

Peters listened attentively.
"What do you think of it?" Ollkoff asked, anxiously, after he had finished. "An ugly case," replied the detective, with a shake of the head.

'Do you really think so?" Ollkoff questioned, in alarm. Yes, if this fellow has spoken the

truth. "Oh, there's no doubt but what the girl is the child of the man that he represents—

Harry Belford " Ah, but there's the point!" exclaimed the detective; "does he represent this man? How can you tell that this isn't a clever device to swindle you out of five thousand dollars? This colonel—about as much of a colonel as I am—is evidently one of these clever 'confidence men'-a genteel swindler. You see, he has presented no proof that the man he pretends to represent is 'That's very true," said Ollkoff, thought-

"If the father is alive, why should he employ this man to act as a go-between? He ill have to pay him for his services, of

"That is very reasonable; I wonder that I did not think of that myself." "Well, you're not used to dealing with these slippery gentlemen. Bless you! they

are worse than an eel; you must sand your hand before you can hold them." "What is your idea of this affair?" "Simply this: by some means this fellow has become possessed of the girl's history. He comes to you, representing himself as

acting for the girl's father; his game is to frighten you into buying him off, by the threat of taking the girl away."

"And suppose I defied his power?"

"It is extremely probable that you would never see or hear of him again. That's one

Oh, there's another side to the question,

"Of course; and that is, that this man has spoken nothing but the truth—that he is the agent of the father; that the father is living, and will attempt to take the girl away from you, if you refuse to accede to his demand. You see, sir, to make a successful defense we must prepare for him on both points: first, that he is acting without authority; second, that he is possessed of

full power to act in the premises."
"Yes, I see." Ollkoff felt convinced that he had acted wisely in calling in the aid of the detective. "But even if the father appears, can he take the girl?"

"Yes, sir, I think he can; the law will give her to him. I think I have got all the points in the case. The wife deserted the isband, carrying the girl, then an infant,

Yes; she fled to avoid his brutal treat-

That doesn't make any difference; besides, it will be a difficult thing to prove afer all these years. He did not desert the child; there's the point. After the wife had gone, the husband fled to escape the conseuences of a forgery that he had committed.

That is correct." Was this forgery business brought to

No; the criminal had fled; the firm made no efforts to pursue him, and so the affair never came into the courts."

Well, now, Mr. Ollkoff, our case is as ollows: if we act on the assumption that this fellow is a fraud from beginning to end, ve will simply laugh at him and his threats, and threaten his arrest as a black-mailer But, if we act on the other belief that he really is the agent of the girl's father, and has this Belford ready to come forward and claim her, we have two modes of defense first, rake up the old forgery charge, and threaten him with it; second, discover, if possible, if some other serious crime isn't

attached to his skirts." But that will be very difficult!" "Oh, yes; but not impossible," replied the officer, in a confident tone. "From what you have told me of the man, I have an idea that he is not one disposed to live by hon-esty, if the easy paths of rascality lie open to him. We must gain time; they have given four and twenty hours; we'll take a few more than that number. At present, we have a decided advantage; the girl is in our hands: possession, you know, is nine points of the law-a good old legal maxim. The first move we take is to place the girl

in some secure retreat. "But I gave the fellow my word that I wouldn't use any underhand means between now and to-morrow."

The detective made a comic gesture of My dear Mr. Ollkoff, if this fellow had agreed to run you a race for five thousand dollars and then requested you to tie up one leg before you started, wouldn't you have ected to it?"

Why, yes, of course. "That is precisely what you have done by giving him such a promise. Underhand means!" exclaimed Peters, with an accent of contempt in his voice: "why this fellow would use any means to beat you out of your money. He don't want the girl; he wants your five thousand dollars. Don't you be alarmed; even if the father be living, he won't bring the affair into a court of justice, except as the last resource. He may threaten, but he won't do it until he discovers that you are firm in your determination not to pay the money. But since you have given your word, all right;

clear your conscience. I will be present at the interview between yourself and this Colonel Peyton. I'll hide in a closet or in the back parlor, where I can hear every thing without his suspecting the presence of a witness. Perhaps I know the bird; these fellows, you know, have as many names as they have for every and toos. they have fingers and toes—a new one for every day in the week. If he should happen o be an old acquaintance, I may be able spring a mine upon him that will upset his

"My dear Mr. Peters, I leave every thing in your hands!" the old merchant exclaim-

I haven't much doubt that we'll come out ahead. But touching this forgery business, do you suppose the forged paper is still in existence?" 'I'll do the best I can to beat 'em, sir, and

"That is doubtful; the affair happened a long time ago; still, it is just possible that it may exist. The junior member of the firm is still living, Mr. William N. Grainger. He resides at Stamford. He has quite a place there; any one in the village can tell you where it is."

"I'll take a run out there at once," Peters said, decidedly. "If we can only hold that forgery over his head, the game's ours; that is if the father is living; if he isn't, I shall have very little trouble with this colone!" With this assurance, Peters departed, leav-

ing the old gentleman quite easy in his "Sharp as a steel-trap!" exclaimed Oll-koff, in admiration. He referred to the de-

The merchant did not say a word to Lillian regarding the matter that so nearly concerned her welfare. He thought that the knowledge of the conflict that was about to take place as to her guardianship, had better

be kept from her. Affairs passed on as usual that day in the Ollkoff mansion. No one could have guessed from the manner of the old man that any

thing unusual had taken place. The household retired to rest early, as was their usual custom. But when, in the morning, the family gathered around the

breakfast-table, one was missing. That one was Lillian! The old gentleman wondered at her delay, and sent a servant to call her, thinking that

The servant returned with the astonishing news that the young girl was not in her room, and that her bed had not been slept in the previous night. An instant examination confirmed the

she had overslept herself.

truth of her words. Ollkoff understood what had occurred at once; Lillian had been abducted. merchant guessed the hand that had dealt so

terrible a blow. (To be continued—commenced in No. 65.)

In the Web:

THE GIRL-WIFE'S TRIALS. A HEART AND LIFE ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY EDWIN SOUTH.

CHAPTER XVIII. WAITING AND WATCHING.

THE sun arose round and red out of the waters of the gulf on the following morning, and looked down upon the deck of the Bra-zos, and over the wide expanse of limpid, iquid beauty as if pleased with the reflect ion of its sunbeams, and surprised at the change a night had wrought in the appearance of the barque.

There were no tapering spars; no bellied canvas; no network of rigging to catch the glow of the fresh rays; but, bald and black, the Brazos lay like an ugly blot on the face of the quivering wavelets. not a breath of air, not a ripple; but, still and silent was the scene as if the pulse of ocean had been forever quieted by the feverish tempest of the previous night. Captain Broderick stood amidships, telescope in hand, canning the horizon, while the watch on deck lay upon the forecastle, talking about the danger of the night, and speculating upon the chances of being picked up.

"We have not even material enough to rig a jury-mast," said one, "and per'aps we've only been saved from drowning to starve to death."

"For my part, I'd rather have went overboard with poor Max Clay, last night, than to sit here and waste away," said another. "Not a speck in sight, my boys," said Captain Broderick. "Not a single speck." And that's purty bad for us, cap'en,

put in an old seaman, "since it's been discovered that most of every thing in the panry and store-room is spoiled." 'Is that so, Jamison?" asked the captain. Have you searched carefully?"

"Yes sir, I've s'arched." And found nothing fit to est ?" "Well, nothing wuth naming."

"Did you find any thing?" "A little salt junk, and a few biskits." "Every morsel."

Sure?

"As I am a liven' man." Captain Broderick drew in a long breath, and then glanced around at the faces that looked up for encouragement from him At length he said, quite solemnly You've mostly knowed me for a long

time, boys, haven't you?"
"Ay! ay! sir," was the response.
"I've always treated you kind of right, "Yes, fair and square," answered Jami-

"I can speak for the hull crew. "I never took advantage of one of you?"
"No, sir, that you didn't."

"Never asked you to do a thing I would-n't have done myself?" Don't think you ever did." "Then, I am entitled to a favor from you, boys, now.

'I think so, cap'en; go on." "Well now, look here," and as Broderick spoke he glanced searchingly around at the nquiring faces of his dozen seamen. don't want one of you boys to touch a biscuit, nor a piece of that pork, until these 'ere parties as are passengers get a show at them; especially that 'ere girl. I know none of it'll cross my lips."

"What do you say, boys? Will we stand by the old skipper now that he hasn't a mast left?" exclaimed Jamison, facing the

This allusion to the condition of the Brazos touched the heart of every man present, and a shout went up from every throat, that rung out over the waves. Captain Broderick understood that language so well that let Lill stay here until to-morrow; that will the tears started to his eyes, and he said:

"Spoken like men; and boys, I tell you, now, your captain's proud of you.

The long day wore toward its close. The heat had been very oppressive, and the breakers of fresh water had been smashed to atoms during the storm, so that thirst and hunger added not a little to the length of the slow-paced hours.

But now the sun was sinking in the west and the cool breeze which usually accompanies sunset in those latitudes was fanning the parched deck and kissing the white brow of Tillie, who sat at the stern, talking to Dr. Gibson.

'How very calm and silent the sea is," she remarked, after a pause.

"Yes," was the response, "we can now fairly appreciate those lines of Coleridge: A painted ship upon a painted ocean;' but I have a presentiment that this will not last

"Indeed! You are not a fatalist, are

Well, I can't say as to that. There was a time when I thoughtmen made their own destiny, but within the last few days I think fate has a great deal more to do with our lives than we are willing to confess, at all

She looked out over the still water at the sinking sun a moment, and then said:
"Fate weaves the mottled web of life, and hence we get good and evil together.' 'Yes, and in some lives fate cruelly weaves more of the latter than the former,

answered the doctor. In all, I think," replied Lillie. "My life has known more of sorrow than joy. One great calamity is sufficient to eclipse the

pleasure of years." "Yes; but, we recover from the greatest shocks very rapidly," said Doctor Gibson. "Were it otherwise, life would be both un-

profitable and unbearable."

They talked thus for hours, and hours, and it was not until the moon began to light up the eastern sky with its soft radiance that they joined Robert Maynard and Major Cecil in the little cabin.

Well, there is no sign of a sail vet," said the doctor, addressing Cecil. "Fate is against us, I suppose. Were I less anxious to reach New Orleans, we would

doubtless be more fortunate. Doctor Gibson and Lillie exchanged glances, and Robert Maynard said: "Let us hope that to-morrow will bring

The next day the crew of the Brazos suffered keenly. The pangs of hunger are at all times terrible, but to be athirst in midocean is at once tantalizing and fearful.

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." A small glass of water was divided between the passengers, but, on the motion of Doctor Gibson, warmly seconded by Cecil,

it was reserved for Lillie. She was wholly unaware of this, and when she was told to be careful of the precious liquid, as there was very little more, she had no idea that the last drop had al-

eady been reached. There was no sign of discontent among that slowly starving crew, however; but, hopeful and patient, they walked the deck, straining their eyes in all directions for a

On the morning of the third day Bill Joyce, an old sailor, came to Captain Broderick and said : 'Cap'n, I'd like to say a good-by to

"Good-by, Bill! Why, what on earth do "Well, cap'n, I mean as how I can't stand this any longer."

'And what do you propose?" "Well, you see," and here he dropped his voice to a hoarse whisper, "I'm goin' over-

Going overboard? Yes, sir. Into the sea." "What, you ain't going to commit suicide?" exclaimed Captain Broderick, a look

of incredulity upon his face. 'That's the rough name for it, cap'n, But, you see, it ain't that in this 'ere case, by a good 'eal. Now, what's the use in me suffering along here for a day or two more, and then die at last? Better put an end to it now, and save trouble. 'Sides, I have no-

body much to care for me now. 'Bill Joyce, you mustn't think of such a thing. I've eat nothing for twenty-four hours, but I can hold out for some time But, what's the use?"

"Why, man, we may be taken up at any "A sail! "A sail!" exciaimed Doctor Gibson, who stood at the stern with Lillie and her father.

Where? Where?" exclaimed a chorus "To the south-west," answered the doctor. Captain Broderick leaped high in the air,

and exclaimed : "Thank God, boys! No, no, not a cheer! Thank God, every man, in his own heart .'

And every man did thank God in his heart, and many a lip moved in prayer. Nearer and nearer came the sail, until, finally, a boat put off from the approaching ship and came directly toward the Brazos.

"Hello! what barque is that?" came from a man in the boat. "The Brazos, of Galveston," shouted Broderick. "What vessel is that?" "The Peri, of New Orleans, bound for

that port," was the reply. An hour after the entire crew and pass-engers were transferred to the Peri, and the Brazos was lashed tightly alongside.

> CHAPTER XIX. AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

SILAS NORMAN was seated in the parlor of the old St. Louis hotel. He was very grave, and even solemn-looking. He had heard bad news and was very much troubled. There were a great many persons in the apartment; some reading; others chatting and laughing, while, through the open door of the ladies' parlor, came the soft roice of the viola mingled with the round, ripe music of a woman's voice. It was an old refrain; full of pathos and melody, and touched the heart of Silas Norman, sitting there in the gloomiest corner, beating a tat-too upon the table at his elbow, and all the while muttering to himself:

"Ay; home is a sweet place, sure enough, but how few ever knew the delights of such place! I did, though; but, God bless me! that's so many years ago that I can hardly remember it. Poor Letitia! I made her miserable, too. Ah! if I hadn't done that one thing, I would have little to regret now. Humph! and I expected that girl to love me as if I was her own real father. But, it

wasn't according to nature, I suppose. I was such a fool, though, to go and tell Bradley Turner that she wasn't my child, and about that little Missouri affair, too. Pshaw! I could pound myself for it now. But, what's the use? Bradley's on the pious now, and Mangy is as good a girl as I tried to make her. If there's any thing I am glad of now, it is that I didn't carry out my first intention and make her a real bad one. Ah these reminiscences!" one. Ah, these reminiscences!"

He got up, yawned, swung his heavy cane back and forward a few times, and then walked slowly down the great, broad stairway and into the bar-room. Arrived there, he glanced into a gilded mirror behind the bar, readjusted his colored necktie, and sauntered toward the street-door.

As he passed the row of fluted columns, he noticed an odd-looking man leaning against one of them. He was a small, dapper gentleman, dressed in a white linen suit, and wearing a broad-brimmed felt hat.
Silas thought he had seen the face before.

There was something peculiar about the deep-set, gray eyes and retreating chin, that reminded him of a personage whom he had

met years before.

He did not stop, however, to scan the features closely, and was about to step into the street when the strange-looking little man tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Good-evening, sir!"

If Silas had been stung by an adder, he could not have started more violently, and turning, fiercely, upon the stranger, he re-

plied:
"Well! What do you want?"
"I didn't ask any thing, di 1?"
"Why did you stop me, then?"
"I said good-evening. Does nobody ever stop you who don't want any thing, eh?"
"How dare you speak to me, sir?" Silas

was becoming furious. Dare?" Yes, sir-dare." "That's rough talk."
"Yes, and I'll make it rough work, too,

if you are not careful."

"It would not be the first rough work you have done, I guess." The little man looked up at Silas and winked slyly.

"What do you mean?" Silas was a little

I mean Missouri!" answered the stranger. and no sooner had he the words out of his mouth than he was clutched by the throat by Silas and violently thrown to the ground. The latter then attempted to run away, but, ere he could move, two men leaped out

of the darkness, and in a trice Silas Norman was securely handcuffed. The little man scrambled to his feet at once, and exclaimed, triumphantly: "You didn't make it, eh?"

"Who are you?" gasped the prisoner.
"Only Adam Pomfret, of Jefferson City, Missouri. You ought to remember me well enough, John Ramsey. I am the fellow who arrested you once, for forgery, and had you cooped. If you hadn't taken French leave in the way you did, and stayed in your cell for fifteen years instead of in your cell for fifteen years, instead of breaking up the furniture the State gave you and running off to Louisiana, I wouldn't have had to come down here. You see, you have twelve years to serve yet. Of course

you remember."
This was said in a serio-comic way, that was extremely tantalizing to the prisoner, and, in his rage, he wrung the manacles almost asunder.

"You needn't try that game, Jack," put in the little detective. "We had them made on purpose for you. Now, wasn't it kind

'Curse you! I wish my hands were loose; I'd spill your brains on this pave-ment," said he whom we have hitherto known as Silas Norman, but whom we may as well call by his proper cognomen at once, John Ramsey."

Suppose you would, and I feel much obliged to you; I do, upon my conscience. You see, I can afford to swear by my conscience. I have plenty, which I'm sorry I can't say for you, Jack."

By this time the station-house was reach-

ed, and, after the usual formalities had been gone through with, John Ramsey found himself behind the bars of a prison once

On the following evening he was to be taken up to his old quarters in Missouri, there to remain twelve long, dreary years. It was a bitter night he spent on the cold flags, alone with his thoughts, and only dis-turbed now and then by the maudlin pleasantry of a parcel of unfortunate creatures in the next cell.

His whole past life came back to him, and he saw each successive event as plainly as if memory had the power of the photo grapher. He saw a beautiful girl whom he once loved, standing by the side of a tall, brave youth who was very dear to her. There was a long, grassy lane, with a pretty little church at the end, and the air was full of the music of Sabbath bells.

He dashed the tears from his eyes, and saw again a wedding; heard the jingle of wedding-bells; the gleeful congratulations, and felt the old heart pang he experienced on that night now linked with the dreaming

It was near morning when he rattled his cell-door, and cried out:

"Ho, jailer! Ho, there!"
"Well," answered the drowsy turnkey.

moping in. I want you to send to Dauphine street, in the morning, for a man named Bradley

Turner. I have a confession I want to 'All right. What hour do ye want him?"
'About eight o'clock. You'll find him

easily about that hour." The door closed with a bang, and the turnkey resumed his chair in the front room, while the prisoner stretched himself

upon the flags and tried in vain to sleep. (To be continued—commenced in No. 61.)

An Indiana Opinion.

An Indiana paper in speaking of the vast amount of reading of fiction which is now done by all classes, old and young, adds: "And since it is so, and people will read fiction, do let them get the best and try and avoid what is sensational, naudlin or impure;" and the editor then proceeds to give his opinion of the order of merit of the several great story papers. This is his classification: 1st, New York Ledger; 2d, Saturday Journal; 3d, Saturday Night; 4th, New York Weekly. If this editor had compared not one but several successive issues of the Saturbay Journal with the paper which he places first on his list, it is our opinion that he would have awarded our paper the first position. That no popular journal published in America is so carefully edited, and so keenly alive to the claims of the reading public for what is absolutely best in fiction and story as the Saturday Journal, is the verdict of those best qualified to judge; and the rapid progress of the JOURNAL in attaining a vast circulation is proof that the great reading public is discriminating and intelligent in its choice.



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Foolscap Papers.

San Domingo.

As I was appointed to visit San Domingo, the home of the sandy mingoes, and make as favorable report of it as I could, I bottled up my clothes, hitched up my fast team, and drove down. The road to the island is finely graveled, and I drove it in a short time.

The climate is generally mountainous, and the surface of the country is healthy plains being very hilly. The singularity of the rivers is that they all run up-stream and contain no water. The land is very dry in vet weather, and very wet in dry weather; the heat is intense in cold seasons, and very cold in warm seasons. The health of the people is remarkable;

nobody was ever known to die there, and office-holders under the administration would therefore find it a paradise to live in,

and live long.

Owing to the peculiar blessedness of the country, there is no night there, as the sun never sets, and there are no gas bills to settle monthly.

The productiveness of the soil is wonderthere is no plowing nor sowing, no planting nor hoeing. The crops spring up of their own accord every year, unin-cumbered by weeds. Cigars and fine-cut tobacco growing on the stalks, clothing, boots and shoes, sugar-cured hams, pies and cakes growing on trees, to be had by merely reaching for them.

The mountains ascend at the hight and rate of five and a half miles a minute, and the valleys are correspondingly deep, clothed with verdantly-green emeraldness, and flowing with milk and honey.

Mineral springs are abundant; springs flowing with pure gold, springs flowing with pure silver, already coined, or made into watches, medals, spoons, etc.

The iron springs turn out all the articles that are ever made of that material, from a knitting-needle to an eight-cylinder power There is plenty of every thing to eat, and

the beauty of it is you are always hungry; plenty to drink, the bottle never becoming empty, and you always thirsty.

There I found that, if you are walking afoot anywhere, wagons are always going in the same direction, and the beauty of the

wagons is that they require no horses to draw them, but go of their own accord and Everybody there is a king who sits upon his throne, ruling his subjects.

Education is at a high standard, everybody being a professor in some college. Horses, dogs, and other animals being able to converse in various languages, those with cloven feet talking with cloven tongues. The people are not yet possessed of wings, but expect to be supplied with them soon.

The annual salaries of officials are due

every day, and not three times a year, as it is in this country. The coast is impregnable, being a solid fortress all around, supplied with monstrous appliances that reach out five miles at sea, and seizing the largest vessels, raise them

out of water and dash them against the inland mountains. Bonds bearing three hundred per cent interest can be bought for two cents on the

dollar. The fish in the sea are all trained, and so many each day walk up into town and present themselves at the various kitchen doors, and even pull off their boots and

jump into the frying-pans, complaining if there is too slow a fire under them. There nightmares are not stabled in

mince-pies, and you can cheat your neighbor as much as you please without getting

The largest city on the island contains four million people, who employ their time in counting out their money, and feeling sorry for the poor people of the United

Earthquakes never trouble the island, as they have caught them all and put them in

People emigrating to this island are ex-tremely liable to die of pure good health, and should be very careful not to take too much of it at once.

When you get there, you will find that you will have nothing to do but to draw your breath, and if you get tired of that, you can hire somebody else to draw it for you. There is so little work done there that, on first thoughts, you would almost swear that you would almost swear

that you were in Congress. Without consideration, people may think my description is a little overdrawn, perhaps flowery and poetical, but such is not the case. I am a living witness to the healthfulness of the climate, and to the wonderful qualities of San Domingo hash, for when I drove down there, I weighed one hundred and forty pounds, and on my return I weighed seven thousand pounds. I was obliged to charter two steamers to come back in. My statements can be reliabled to the company to the company of the company to the company upon, for I never have been known to lie where I told the truth, and my word may be taken at all times at its full value, and where it is easier to tell the truth than to tell a falsehood, that man is a fool who

won't do it.

Not having been intrusted with the money to purchase the island for the Government, I couldn't sign the bill of sale, so I left the island where I found it; but I have made up my mind to buy it myself, if the Government doesn't, and make myself a king. I think I could get it cheap, in easy payments. If I should do so, I shall probably allow it to remain where it is, and not tow it to the mouth of New York Bay and anchor it

there, as I have been advised to do.
Yours, for more tear-I-tore-y,
Washington Whitehorn.

FAIR FRANCE!

Torn with the cruel pangs of civil war, brother against brother, father against son, is now the Gaulish land.

The cynical Englishman wrote, that the French people were a strange compound of monkey and tiger; recent events seem to prove that his assertion had some truth in

Every schoolboy knows of the Reign of For that period of wild and bloody vengeance there was some little excuse. The common people, ground to the dust by the nobles, their very blood coined drop by drop into golden Louis-d'ors for their lords to squander in reckless extravagance, had generations of wrong to atone for. The court was rotten to the core; a weak king, who, while the peasants and the artisans starved, lavished countless sums upon vile women and soul-destroying pleasures. A weak and unworthy descendant of good Henry, the Bearnois, the first of the Bourbon line, and the fourth Henry who sat on the French throne; the soldier-king who de-clared that he would never be happy, until every peasant in his kingdom had a fowl in

When the people broke their chains, and, rising in their might, toppled throne, court and dynasty to the dust, the iron shaft of oppression was rankling in their souls. Each one of the red-capped, bloused mob o redress. Brutalized by long years of suffering, it is not to be won-dered that they craved blood. They played the monkey when they danced around Goddess of Reason and abolished all religion; the tiger when they reddened the squares of Paris with noble blood; but they were mad; years of oppression had over-

Then, like a meteor light in the stormy sky, arose the blazing star of the Corsican Napoleon, the greatest General that ever "set a squadron in the field." For a time, France was great, powerful; then again succeeded discord and tumbling thrones. The "nephew of his uncle," borne onward more by the prestige of the great captain's name than by any genius of his own, by the rank-est perjury and usurpation got the control of the helm of the Ship of State. For years all went well; France was apparently pros perous and happy; only now and then, the menacing growl of the people, ruled by a rod of iron, was heard. But, at last, the crash came; the charlatan proved but a paltry trickster indeed, more barn-yard fowl than eagle; and his power vanished into air! Then came the Republic. All friends of freedom rejoiced; once again Fair France was free from the rule of the bayonet!

And what was the Republic? Monkey and tiger combined; lying proclamations and disgraceful defeats. The end came. Peace was declared. Then suddenly arose the "Commune." The Frenchmen, who apparently had no stomach to fight the foreign foe, fought among themselves. Had they fought the Germans one-half as well as they did each other, Paris would never have surrendered!

The tiger element showed itself quickly in the proceedings of the Commune. Blood was the cement that they craved to hold together the blocks of their house of State Helpless prisoners, whose only crime was that they were priests, were cruelly butcher ed. The civilized world turned away aghast, and prayed for the downfall of the Commune.

It came at last. The Versailles government entered Paris. Now for peace; no! Another set of tigers and cowards—for the men who murder prisoners in cold blood are nothing else-but succeeded the set theyand the Germans-crushed. The men of the Commune were bloody-minded; the men that now hold the reins of power are still worse. They murder their prisonersmen, women and children alike—by the scores! The Reign of Terror is nothing to the Reign of Thiers-literally a reign of

Mercy! These human butchers know not the meaning of the word. How much longer will Fair France be cursed by the rule of such cut-throats?

TRUE wealth consists in virtue, and not in the possession of great estates; and wisdom consists in understanding and not in The wisest of men is he who has the most civility for others.

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

How much more cheerful, and pleasanter this world would seem to us were we not so prone to look on the dark side of every thing, and imagine our lots to be much harder than they really are. To be contented with what Providence has provided for us should be our aim, and not to complain because matters do not turn out as we wish them to. Much of our ill usage is imaginary with us. We have so long heard of the world being a cold and hollow-hearted one, that we actually believe it, without trying to find out for ourselves.

We make friends whom we value highly; but, because they do not do all we request, we look on them with any thing but friendly eyes, and we go to composing poetry, melancholy enough to make an onion weep, and an editor scowl. Then we set everybody down as enemies, who are trying to crush us; and we sit in our room, moping, and mumbling, something in this style:

"It matters little to me or you,
How soon the daisies grow;
How soon you gather the slips of yew,
O'er my tombstone white as snow.
There's little of love to keep me here,
Since you from me have been estranged;"—

But I will not torture you with any more. Because one woman jilts a man, why should the man rail at our entire sex, and wish to emigrate to a land where there are no wo-men? I wouldn't give much for his esti-

mate of human nature, would you? I wonder, sometimes, that the world don't give these discontents a regular shaking up, to serve them for being so discontented with their lot, and show them, too, that the world is not half so much to blame as the people in it. I don't think the world is to blame, one atom. Why, it is a beautiful world, and these dark side lookers had better be careful that they don't get into a worse one, when they die!

I'm sure if neonle only knew how much

I'm sure if people only knew how much better it was to take a cheerful view of things, and to look on the *bright* side, they never would grumble any more. We all have misfortunes to bear; and anguish often wrings the heart; yet, why should we murmur at a Higher Power's will, when nothing that He does can be wrong? Trials are sent to us for some wise, ordained end; so, instead of complaining and murmuring instead of complaining, and murmuring, "Why is this heavy cross laid upon me?" would it not be better to thank God that it

was not worse? I never could see why people always thought of religion as a dull, melancholy thing, when its very founder shed light wherever His footsteps strayed. At the very mention of death, you will shudder; yet, were it not for the thought, that, after this life, pleasure will take the place of pain, and rest where one is now weary, we should be miserable indeed.

There is a great deal of cheerfulness in the country, for there the majority of per-sons are free from those ill-feelings and pealousies which are so rank in a city life. Persons live to a greater age who do not look on the dark side, for they go through life so pleasantly, they almost forget to be

If you have troubles, don't whine about them; let people see that you are manly and womanly enough to bear up under

The bright side is the best side to walk on, and if we, all of us, resolved to cut the dark side, maybe it would be all bright

If you want to enjoy life and health, be contented; buy a flower and plant it in a flower-pot; take care of it, and in time you will become so fond of it that it will be to you a pleasure and a delight, but it must have what it has brought you want have, what it has brought you, sun-

Put a child in a comparatively dark room, with a sunbeam dancing through a chink, and the child will immediately crawl to

Let us imitate the child, and hunt after the sunbeams of life, leaving the shadows far away in the distance. Eve LAWLESS.

LOUNGERS.

It is not a very agreeable sight to witness so many promising young men lounging around the stores, as though such were their places. They ought to be at work, and not be wasting the valuable time God has given them, in idleness. They may tell you they can not find work, but they can not try very hard. If such were truly the case, would be improving their minds more by staying in their rooms at home and devoting their time to study and the perusal of some good book or paper, than by lolling and lounging on the corners or in the stores. Idleness is truly a "besetting sin," and is one of the nearest roads to poverty you can find to travel upon.

This lounging is not only hurtful to your-self, but it is an eye-sore to those whose minds and bodies are always active. Whoever makes any thing at this idleness? Atlantic Cables are not laid by loungers: neither are our cities built and countrie made to bring forth produce without great struggle. Activity makes improvements and keeps one out of mischief. The machinery of humanity never must be let run down for want of something to do. your limbs traveling in search of work, don't complain of their wanting rest, they were made for use, and exercise is good for

If you get a clerkship, don't sit and nibble the end of your pen, because you are accomplishing nothing by so doing, and you are wasting the hours your employer is paying you for. If you haven't any special work before you, improve your time by making your writing better, and your calculations simpler. Remember, big brains draw big salaries, for they are worth it.

How mortified you would feel to have a person refuse you a situation because he saw ou lounging in a store. Well, who could blame him? How well he knows that if you were willing to waste your own time, it is not very likely you would be more careful

"Put your shoulder to the wheel," and resolve that you will be of some use in the world, and that you'll strive to give satisfaction. If you strive you are on the fair way to success. But, don't delay doing it. Begin at once. Leave the corners for the amp-posts, and the drinking saloons to the rats and mice. Lounging is not graceful or intellectual. Work keeps one busy; drives away evil thoughts; makes one feel more manly, and brings you more respect

than a whole regiment of loungers. Associate with the bees of the world, but give a very wide berth to the drones—the useless and ornamental loungers. F. S F.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms, and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy;" third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its follo or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can not write letters except in special cases.

Can not use rhymes, "Song of the West Wind;"
"Cora Lee"—a slight plagiarism; "A Wood Hymn"—rather prosy for a hymn; "Keep me from Drink"—good in sentiment but rough in expression; "Over the Brook." We can not use "Germany Triumphant"—send it to some German paper to which it is germane; "You Know You Did It!"
This last we return. The others having no stamps inclosed, are in "the Morgue."—"My Father's Strange Story" is quite defective as a MS. No stamps.—"Strangely Saved" we will not be able to use. No stamps.—Will try and find place for the Fairy Stories by E. W.—Have written Jas. McN. Can not preserve MSS. subject to order. We remember nothing now in regard to his MSS.—MS., "Clary Stoddard," by G. D. F., is of no value. No stamps.—Can not use "Summer" by W. W. L. It is neither prose nor verse. We thank the author for his appreciation of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. It is, beyond question, the best illustrated of all the popular weeklies.—Will find a corner for poems "The Star" and "Sunshine."—We return "Retribution," by Chas. H. S.—having an overstock of its class of matter.—MS., "Castle Paralta," is unavailable for the samp reason, but is not returned for want of stamps.—"The Midnight Alarm" rhyme we shall not use. No stamps.—For "A Few Words on Marriage" we have no spare room.—"Adventure with Mad Alchemist," not available. MS. much too imperfect for the press. No stamps.—"Can not use "A Song," by E. D. The author asks if he has talent. Judging by the MS. we should say not enough for success as a poet. No stamps.—Lines by Miss L. R. J. we can not use. The author knows but little of the laws of versification—mixing up her spondees, trochees and iambies in a very crude, unrhythmic way.—Will find place for poem "Lovely and Noble."

H. B. T. We promptly destroyed MS. "Sea or Surf." If author is "accustomed to write for the

H. B. T. We promptly destroyed MS. "Sea or Surf." If author is "accustomed to write for the press," that gives her no exemption from our injunctions regarding all MSS. Two stamps would have saved it. When will some writers learn how to do business?

saved it. When will some writers learn how to do business?

KARL DENT writes us somewhat sharply regarding the rejection of successive MSS. As if he understood our business better than we ourselves. Karl, hear what a late N. V. Tribune says: "It seems to us one of the remarkable features of the time that so many men and women should write passable poetry, fair enough, in a day of less glut, to make a reputation. Considering the quantity, one is surprised to find the quality so clever. Every newspaper conductor receives from young people ambitious of print, pecks of poetry which seems too good for the waste-basket, but which is not worth the room which it would occupy in an overcrowded journal. There is nothing for it but to say "No !" much pain as the veto may give—there would be an avalanche of these metrical offerings otherwise."

ALICE ST. B. The number of Schools for Women is so great that you certainly can be accommodated. Vassar College, for instance, is open to you. So are forty other really first-class colleges and seminaries. The hue and cry about women being deprived of the means of good and thorough education is the merest humbug—the stock in trade of "agitators," and just as near the truth as half their other pretexts for talk. Go to college, Alice, if you can arrange for a collegiate course and can make up your mind not to be thinking all the time of marriage. A great hindrance to progress as students, clerks, operators, bookkeepers, etc., is the secret craving and efforts for marriage which possess the mind of almost all women over fifteen years of age. To succeed in any profession, calling or trade requires years of devotion and persistent labor. Can you, at fifteen, make up your mind to such a course? If not, then give up all ideas of success, for, in competition with men who do give up the best years of their lives to acquire thoroughness and efficiency, you will certainly fail. A woman who is going to compete with man in the business world must set her face like stone against marriage. Can you

S. J. wishes to know who is the champion center-fielder of last season, Hall or Agler, and how many muffs, Hall and Egber each made. We can not decide as to the center-field championship. Hall's averages are the best. We can not procure the information in regard to the muffs.

FANNIE. The picture on the song is "The little church around the corner."

JACK C. inquires if there is any thing which will induce the hair to curl and not change its color. Nothing that we know of, except curling irons or curl papers. The curling fluids are worthless, and the irons somewhat injure the hair.

the irons somewhat injure the hair.

KRANKS asks who is the Chief of Police of New York, as he wishes to put himself in communication with him with the object of becoming a detective officer. Superintendent Kelso, Central Police Office, Mulberry street. We are afraid that our correspondent will not be able to accomplish his object. The detective officers are generally taken from the regular police force, and are men who have shown special skill for the service.

ROVER writes: "Please inform me if the little yacht 'City of Ragusa' sailed from New York for Europe; also, where Turk's Island is situated?" Yes, the 'City of Ragusa' sailed from New York last week, early in the morning, carrying a load of bricks, the first ever shipped for Europe. The crew consisted of two men and a bull-dog, who was to act as bo'swain. Turk's Island is situated in the West Indies; belongs to Great Britain.

Pittsburg writes: "Is not Edwin South, Bartley

Indies; belongs to Great Britain.

PITTSBURG writes; "Is not Edwin South, Bartley T. Campbell of Pittsburg?—why do they keep the theaters open in New Orleans on the Sabbath evening?—and will you publish another story with the scene located in Pittsburg?" Yes, Mr. Campbell of Pittsburg is "Edwin South." They keep the theaters open in that city because it is the custom to do so. It is a disgraceful fact, and one against which the actors protest bitterly, but the soulless managers who pocket the receipts think more of the greenbacks than they do of the claims of religion. Public opinion should put a stop to such practices if the law winks at them. In due time, we shall publish another Pittsburg story.

EMMA. When presents are returned, an engage-

EMMA. When presents are returned, an engagement being broken off, it is intended to show that nothing is kept as a memorial or souvenir. If the lady, therefore, returns the brooch, with an explanation that the lace collars are worn out, the purpose will be fully attained, and etiquette satisfied.

L. E. J. Why do ladies, and congrades especially, wear ornaments upon their dresses, but to have them admired? It is therefore no want of politieness in a gentleman if he takes notice of them. However, there are two ways of doing things, a gentlemanly and ungentlemanly way. If the observations are made in an offensive and annoying manner, the act becomes at once impolite; but, if they be made in a polished and graceful way, the conduct of the gentleman may be taken as complimentary.

mentary.

W. B. B. asks: "Where is the best place to go to spend the summer months and find good hunting, fishing, bathing, etc., for a person of limited means?" Any of the small villages in the northern part of the States of Maire, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan or Wisconsin. Board can be procured in such places for about five dollars a week, and the seeker after pleasure or health will find much more real enjoyment in the seclusion of some little hamlet, on the edge of the great woods that fringe the northern wilderness, than in any fashionable resort.

France, Do not believe all the conserving resorts.

wilderness, than in any fashionable resort.

France. Do not believe all the sensation reports that fill the columns of the daily newspapers. Liberty has no crimes to answer for; it is those who abuse her name. It is not in the roar of faction, which deafens the ear and sickens the heart, that the still voice of Liberty is heard. She turns from the disgusting scene, and regards these struggles as the pangs and convulsions in which she is doomed to expire. License is not liberty, and few nations understand what liberty really is.

T.E. Nearly all brave men have been of a finely converged.

T. E. Nearly all brave men have been of a finely organized and therefore nervous temperament. Julius Cæsar was nervous, so was Bonaparte, so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," he said, "is a brave man; he knows his danger and faces it."

Inquiries. Copper utensils are not fit for use in the kitchen. Certain substances have a very singular and marked action on copper. All fatty matters, vegetable acids, and even, under certain circumstances, common salt. From this it will be seen that nearly all our aliments are liable to be contaminated and rendered poisonous by contact with copper vessels, for, but very few articles of food lack fatty matter, a vegetable acid or salt. A perfect coating of tin is the only safeguard in the use of copper or brass vessels.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



REJECTED.

BY C. B.

Oh, loveliest of the lovely and fairest of the fair, But give me to remember thee one tress of thy bright hair; Its wealth descends so lavishly thou surely will not

miss
A gift so very small to thee, but dear to me as this.
Thine eyes of fire flash scornful ire! Alas! alas!
I know,
'Tis madness of my humble heart to love thee as I But, had I all the wealth of worlds, I could not be

I've striven hard to hide the love which now breaks I've striven hard to hide the love which now breaks wildly forth,
To crush the flame forever down to which your form gave birth;
Through gloomy days and restless nights I've struggled with my soul,
But now when parting is so nigh, it's passed from my control.
Oh, lady dear, have pity here! Alas, alas, I know, 'Tis madness of my bleeding heart to love thee as I do:

I do; But, had I all the wealth of worlds, I could not be

Alas! I know 'twas sinful work this passion to enhance, As evening's shadows softly fell to watch thy dreamy glance, To think of angels as I gazed upon thy peerless ace, And follow with my yearning eyes thy form's celes-

tial grace.
Oh, lady fair, beyond compare, alas, alas, I know
'Tis madness of my stricken heart to love thee as I do, But, if I had the wealth of worlds I could not be

Upbraid me not, beloved one. My plea is all too My wounded soul with anguish writhes; oh, spare it further pain.

I go! I go! That angry glance is more than I can

bear!
Ah, cruel Hope, why didst thou smile, then yield me to Despair?
Frail spell I wove of fruitless love, though rudely shattered now,
Each quivering string round thee will cling, proud one, where'er I go;
My drooping heart, though spurned aside, must e'er to thee be true.

Edna's Love Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

'I WONDER if I really love her?" And the sudden proudly tender light that leaped to Philip Warrington's eyes answer-ed the half-doubting question he had put to himself, as he sat there, alone in Mrs. Emerson's delightfully cozy breakfast-parlor, watching the coal flames in the grate and thinking how like to Edna Earle's eyes was the flashing light of the fire.

It was a remarkably pleasant room in which Phil Warrington was idling away that lonely half-hour that generally intervened between the ringing of the breakfast bell and his court Guide. bell and his aunt Grace's-that was Mrs.

Emerson—appearance. Emerson—appearance.
Silver was glistening on the small round table, whose damasks nearly touched the oak and blue velvet carpet. Fine paintings were hanging on the walls; blue satin curtains shaded the windows, and the most recherche furniture, the very loveliest of bijout trifles were scattered in graceful negligence here and there

Yes, it was a desirable place, this parlor home of his rich widowed aunt, of which this one room was a very modest specimen, and Philip Warrington knew very well that if he asked Edna Earle to marry him, she would have to leave all this splendor, and make herself contented in a house where the parlor furniture would only be Brussels carneting and a green reps with Brussels carpeting and a green reps suite, instead of the gorgeous Aubusson and rosepink velvet and satin, ebony mounted and

gilt inlaid of her present home.

But Phil thought how Edna's bright eyes would lighten up their plain home; how entirely content he would be with her for-ever, this cherry-lipped, pearl-teethed girl, whose graceful witchery had completely overset Phil's steady graveness.

He could not remember the time when he

had not loved her; the hour he first saw her, four years ago that very day, when aunt Grace had brought her, a sobbing girl of fifteen from her dead mother's grave, clad in raggedest garb, and with unkempt

He had seen then the perfect beauty in her tear-blurred eyes, and on the high white brow; that lingered around the red, quivering lips, that displayed itself in every turn

of her rounded, slender frame.

He had pitied her most earnestly, and not undangerously, for before aunt Grace had decided to keep Edna for her companion and friend, Phil Warrington had given the circle his rubole heart.

He had kept his secret well, so far as words went. Perhaps Edna might have told a different story of the mighty silent, yet eloquent passion that was ever looking So Edna had come to be a beautiful young

girl, and Phil was not alone in his love for her; he knew that, and that was why he was thinking it all over again, for the thou sandth time, that sunshiny morning in Mrs. Emerson's breakfast-parlor.

He knew he loved her, and yet, in his uprightness of soul, he wanted to be surer still that he could offer her a heart worthy of

Then, breaking in upon his meditations, came a fair fresh girl, her hair floating off over her shoulders, her eyes radiant with health, her face flushed, her lips dewy and

coral red.

"Good-morning, Phil—am I intruding?"

How exquisitely her voice was pitched—
and Phil got quickly up and took both her

" You intrude, Edna? I was thinking of you—I always am thinking of you, Edna, and wondering if I may dare have you. May I ?-oh, my Edna, my darling-And just as a swift, rare blush mounted her white forehead, Mrs. Emerson sailed in, with suspicious eyes, and a suggestive heralding

"I'm sure you're not such a fool, Edna Earle! But it's no more than I ought to expect! it's the way of the world, I suppose. It's gratitude, isn't it, for you to turn around and let Phil Warrington fall in love with you, when you know it spoils all my plans for him and June Christoral?"

Edna sat very patiently and quietly under Mrs. Emerson's sharp words, only a fluttering of the white eyelids, and a crimson tinge stealing up her cheeks, denoting how deeply

the blows were striking But Mrs. Emerson could not see how cruelly she was wounding the girl, so she went

on, sharper and harsher. "When I took you out of poverty, and made a lady of you, and dressed you, and educated you as I'd have done my own daughter, I never dreamed you'd use the weapons I put in your hands against me. But it's only

verifying the old adage, 'Warm a viper and then it will sting you.

And then Edna arose slowly, and as if it hurt her to move, from her seat.

"Mrs. Emerson, even from you, who are my best, my only friend, and whose kindness I never will forget—not even from you. can I take such an unjust imputation. I never tried to win your nephew; I never knew you intended him for Miss Christoral; but this I do know and say, that Philip Warrington is not the man to be disposed of by

any person."

Mrs. Emerson looked up at the now pale features of the girl; never before had Edna attempted to contradict her on any subject. She had come to think there was no temper

"Mrs. Emerson," again began Edna, quietly, "to prove to you I am not ungrateful, to prove I am not the viper who, you having warmed and nourished, would seek to sting your benevolent hands, and, more than all, because my mother's last words were that I should always yield implicit obedience to the friend who had lighted her darkest days, I will go away from here, from Philip Warrington, that you may have ample opportunity to enable you to secure Miss Christoral for him."

There had been a gathering scorn and bitterness as she spoke, and now her words fairly overflowed with contemptuous sar-casm. Perhaps Mrs. Emerson was impulsively glad; she may have been surprised into silence, or it might have been sullen doggedness; but certain it is, she did not attempt to arrest Edna's quiet, composed de-

parture from the room, and house.

When she went down for dinner that night, she told Philip the story, and he abruptly donned his hat, a stern-faced, anxious-eyed man, and left her, too, to herself and the thoughts he knew must come to

Not only in romances, but in real life, do three years make startling changes. Many a grave will be digged, many a friend be laid away, while one is living along three quiet, uneventful years. But graves and deaths are not such dreary changes as came to one of the chargeters of this story. to one of the characters of this story; a silent resting-place would have been better to Mrs. Grace Emerson than the harsh realities of a life from which its sole sunshine was stricken, only a short twelvemonth after she had indirectly driven Edna Earle from her doors, and Philip Warrington after her;

"You have seen her? for mercy's sake

That was so like Philip of old; and Mrs. Emerson smiled at him. She had not smiled for two years.

"Come, let us watch, for she will pass

here on her return."
And the two watched and waited, silent, solemn, yet strangely thoughtful. Then she came, fair, sad, beautiful as the day she had left them; her white robes fluttering, her hair wind-blown on her pink cheeks; all unconscious that the one prayer of her life was just to be granted.

It was a plain little parlor, with the Brussels carpet and green reps Philip had dreamed of; but he and Edna were very happy; while in her own room, up-stairs, aunt Grace lives a peaceful life that she never can be sufficiently thankful for.

Hoodwinked:

DEAD AND ALIVE. A Tale of Man's Perfidy and Woman's Faith.

BY A. P. MORRIS JR

AUTHOR OF "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. A WOMAN'S ANGER.

LORD HALLISON BLAIR found his wife standing in the center of the boudoir, gazing toward the door through which he entered Her perfect form was drawn to its fullest hight; her lustrous eyes sparkled with a purer brilliancy than ever before marked by

him.
"Well, my lord," said Pauline, regarding him steadily, "you have condescended to come at last."

come at last."

"Excuse my delay, love; it was impossible sooner. I was very busy."

He smiled. His manner was studiedly collected; no trace of his late excitement the least visible.

"Busy? At what villainy now?" she asked, quickly.
"Villainy?" he repeated, in astonishment; "what do you mean?"
"I mean, sir, that I at last understand

Casting aside all restraint, Lord Hallison Blair sprung forward, crying hoarsely:
"I must kill you! You know too much!
You shall die!" and he grasped her, apparently set upon this horrible performance.

A piercing scream rung from her lips; she struggled in his tenacious hold.

At that instant, there was a loud rapping at the door, and the voice of Brandt said, hurriedly:
"Lord Hallison, come here — quick!

Come here!" "What do you want?" huskily inquired Blair, still retaining one arm around Pauline, who had fainted, and clutching her

me, who had fainted, and clutching her fair throat the tighter.

"Come quick, Lord Hallison! Madge Marks is gone—"

"Curse her! What do I care? Do you come in here and help me. Hurry!"

The physician appeared, and as he did so, there was a stifled exclamation of horror from the opposite side of the room, where stood Pauline's waiting-maid who alarmed stood Pauline's waiting-maid, who, alarmed at her mistress' shriek, had hastened to see what was the matter.

"Seize that girl! Seize her!" cried the nobleman; and Brandt, only comprehend-ing that immediate action was necessary, leaped to the maid, secured her, and clapped a hand over her mouth ere he realized the

a hand over her mouth ere he realized the state of things.

"You are strangling her, Lord Hallison!" he exclaimed, as he saw the deadly grip in which Pauline was held. "Don't kill her! What's the matter?"

Seeming to have changed his mind through a sudden idea, rather than being in-

fluenced by Gulick Brandt, Hallison Blair released Pauline's throat, and lifting her unconscious form in his arms, made toward

the door, saying:
"Wait till I come back—wait for me

here. Don't let that girl escape you."

He left the room and walked rapidly along the entry with his burden. Then, along the entry with his burden. Then, with a crook and a turn, he continued through a side passage, leading by a spiral staircase to the top of the house. Arrived at the upper landing, he opened the door to still another entry, narrow, long, low; passing thence to a small room, secluded from the main portion of the mansion, into which he carried his wife. Placing her upon a sofa he departed hastily having upon a sofa, he departed hastily, having first taken the precaution to turn the key in the lock. On leaving the by-passage, had he turned his head, he would have discovyour base nature—your vile hypocrisy. he turned his head, he would have discov-You have long and successfully deceived ered a tall form, intently silent, with eyes

till she suffered intense pain); "if you dare lisp one hint of what you have seen or heard, I will certainly kill you, as I meant to kill her! Do you understand me?"

"Oh! yes, yes; if you tell me she is safe, indeed, I will say nothing. I will keep silent. I will never let anybody know—you are hurting me, my lord. Please let go my wrist."

"Remember," he admonished, hissingly, threateningly. "If you tell any one, your doom is sealed! Now go!" and she fled

"What have you done with your wife—Pauline?" asked the doctor.

"Never mind her. I will attend to her. Come, we must look to the detective."

They returned to where Diego awaited them, and the three started for the fencing-

"You owe me fifty pounds, my lord. Remember that," said the bull-fighter, as they

moved away.
"Yes, Diego," Blair assented, "and fifty more when you get the body afloat in the

"Good. I thought it."
When they reached the room where they had left Joe Fleet lying on the floor, apparently lifeless, judge of their astonishment, upon opening the door, at discovering—nothing!

-nothing!
He was gone!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOE FLEET DEFINES HIS POSITION.

SCARCE five minutes had elapsed after the departure of his would-be assassins, when consciousness began to assert its sway; and gradually the detective recovered from the effect of Diego's dreadful blow. He sprung to his feet, and gazed about him bewilder-edly. Then he advanced and tried the doorknob, to find that he was securely fastened in. But, as he turned again to the center of the apartment, he smiled complacently as he took out his diary, and scribbled hastily on a loose sheet:

"Send posse of police to St. James Square. House of Lord Blair. Hurry up! Devil to pay! Joe Fleet."

"That'll fix that!" tearing out another leaf, and writing as follows: " Come to St. James Square. House of Lord

Blair. Hurry! You must come! Devil to pay in full!

Joe Fleet."

"And that'll do for that! Now, then, my worthy lord, we'll see who plays trump on this trick. Um! Can't beat me! can't do it! I'm Joe Fleet, I am!"

Crossing over to the window, he raised the sash, and leaning out, blew a shrill

In a few moments two policemen met, running, on the pavement directly beneath

'Here!" called the detective, who could but faintly distinguish their outlines in the gloom, "it's me—Joe Fleet—Secret Service—here's a note. Take it to the nearest station! Be quick! Watch for it!" and letting fall the first note, it fluttered lightly to their feet.

their feet.

"Here's another," he continued, casting out the second slip. "Take that to the—Hotel. Ask for Mr. Hassan—give it to him. Be quick, now! I'm a prisoner! Cut-throats and assassins up here! Run!" and as they hurried off, the detective left the window. Folding his arms, he paced to and fro, muttering, with sarcasm: "The villains! Try to kill me, eh? Me!—Joe Fleet!—detective!—secret service of London! Um! very good! —secret service of London! Um! very good!
I'll be even with them. There's another pickle for 'em to suck. Oho! won't there be a mess when Messrs. Blair & Brandt find me alive and kicking, and lots of police on head?

hand? Ha!" He paused and listened. Some one was coming toward the fencing-room. Close at hand was the iron image which had served Diego Perez. In a twinkling he had whisked himself behind this, and none too soon; for he was scarce out of sight when the door opened, and the noble, the physician, and the bull-fighter entered.

"He's gone! Lord Hallison! He's gone! We are undone!" "Silence, doctor; you are a fool!" ordered Blair, sternly; though his own amazement at not finding the detective was not with-out its suggestions of fresh troubles. "What do you make of this strange disappearance,

"Do I not see, like you, that he is gone? What more is there? Am I a magician, that I can tell wonders where other men

Advancing further into the room, Blair overturned a heap of coats and leggings in one corner, as if he expected to find the detective hidden there. Then he turned to the image, and was about to look behind it,

when a sound of tramping feet and murmur-ing voices fell upon his ear.

"What's that?" he exclaimed, under his breath, turning to Diego Perez.

"Dios!" surlily returned the Spaniard, "why do you aim questions at me? know not. Here comes one who may tell." As he spoke, a coming footstep was heard in the hall without, and a servant, panting for breath, dashed in among them.

"What is the meaning of this, sirrah? Why this disturbance below?" demanded

"D-d-d-hif you please, m-m-my Lord, the hall's full o' coves who-who-who w-w-want you, my lord! Police!'ere they hare, a-comin' up 'ere, my lord," and he was distorted with shivering and shaking.

The Englishman paled. Gulick Brandt's face turned white as a sheet. Diego Perez

scowled and ground his teeth.
"Back! Back to the hall!" cried Lord Blair, "and say your master offers twenty pounds to every man who will defend this

house and me against the intruders!" Then to the physician: "We are caged. You must fight. Get a sword—quick!" and he snatched a light saber from its hook, while a savage, defiant gleam lighted his dark, serpent eyes.

"Hit's too late, my lord! Hit's too late!"
brokenly ejaculated the servant; "'ere they

The confusion of sounds had now as cended the main stairway; the stamp, clatter and shuffle of numerous feet drew closer

along the entry Driven to it by force of his perilous situation, Brandt armed himself with a rapier, and took a stand beside Hallison Blair.

Diego Perez tore a broadsword from the wall, and giving utterance to a roar like an enraged bull, bounded toward the doorway. As he did so, a number of servants crowd ed in, keeping him back, like a solid wall, and in vain he threw himself against them in a mad effort to break through

The Spaniard's object was to get out, and off. He cared little what became of his



whose two faces she had never since seen, and for whom she so yearned in these latter days of misery, privation and poverty. Her riches had taken wings; she had speculated unwisely, she had trusted poor counselors, and now, when age was creeping over her. she had no friends to assist her, or even

comfort her. I think she remembered Edna Earle in those days, with a feeling that, amid all this misery, Edna's would have been a true heart, and a strong arm. Then, if she had only let the two alone, Philip Warrington's house might have been been a true to the strong arm. louse might have been her home now, and his wife her support and comfort.

But it was her own doings; and Mrs. Emerson thought so, as she leaned wearily against a tree, and watched a young, girlish form coming through the shady woods.

Somehow, the gait, the size, reminded her—yes! the hot blood flew to her old, sallow ace as she saw that it was Edna, her white lawn skirt rustling over the grass and fallen

leaves; a straw summer hat carelessly tied over the sweet, sad face. She pulled her hand over her faded hair—she, Mrs. Grace Emerson; while Edna came tripping along, a lightness in her step

that her face denied. Edna glanced pleasantly at her; there was no reason why she should have recognized in this poor, humble countrywoman, who might be on her way home from market, the wealthy woman she had seen last

surrounded by every known luxury.
"I think I am not on the road to Melville—can you tell me my good woman?"

It was Edna's own gentle voice, her old, sweet smile; and how that woman's heart

Just yonder; you live hereabouts?

"Since yesterday only," laughed Edna. Governesses, like I, often change places." Then she went on, and Mrs. Emerson watched her out of sight, wondering at it all It wasn't far to her own plain home—almost under shadow of the great home where Edna was living, and a young man was

standing at the door. 'Can it be possible—aunt Emerson. And I have been searching these months to find you thus? I knew it would be in poverty,

but I did not think so gaunt. Was it a dream? or was Philip Warring-ton's hands reached to hers? had she seen

Edna with her own eyes, or was that and this also, a wild chimera?

"Phil!—Phil! my boy, you will forgive me and forget all this, because I can reunite what I have separated. Phil, I have seen Edna! I—"

He wrung her hands fiercely.

me. Contemptible as I have always believed you to be, I never imagined your real wick-

"Woman—Lady Blair—Pauline," he interrupted, "what is all this?"

"What is it? It is to strip the mask from your face; but, I sent for you now for the purpose of demanding to know why you bribed a man to kill Victor Hassan? Tell me, Lord Hallison, for I have ascertained and she took a step forward, riveting her bright eyes even more searchingly upon him, while a crimson flush supplanted the

delicate bloom of her youth. He drew back and stood gazing at her

while he thought.
"Tell me," continued Pauline, interrogatively, "what your object was in wishing Victor Hassan murdered? I overheard the whole conversation between you and the wretch who was bought by your gold. I dispatched a note to the head-quarters of the London police, summoning a detective, to whom I gave all the information I possessed, and who, through a merciful Providence, was enabled to thwart your designs. Speak, sir, speak; for I am aroused! The dislike that has ever dwelt in my bosom for you, even in the hour when my lips answered at the marriage altar, has turned to bitter hate. Since I know you as you are, even toleration is impossible! I would drag you to the halls of justice. Speak, if you have voice!"

Her bosom rose and fell with the power of her stormy feelings; she stood before him as an accusing angel.

The Englishman's eyes lost their mildness and assumed a scintillating stare, which, could she have read its meaning, would have warned her of a devilish flame fast kindling in his heart. 'Have a care, Lady Blair!" he hissed,

through his pearly, tight-locked teeth.
"You are at something dangerous! This ccusation is false! "No! It is not false, but true!—true! Oh! coward that you are! A man that you fear to meet yourself, you hire others to attack! You are a treacherous serpent, Lord Hallison Blair, and I have found you out. I shall expose you before noon to-morrow! This tool of yours shall be found, and compelled to testify against you. Tremble! Justice shall overtake you sooner than you had imagined. If I were a man I would drag you from this house to a prison-cell! I hate you! I hate you! Villain, I despise you!" and her fixed gaze seemed to burn upon the very core of his heart.

This was a reception he had not antici-

bent upon him, and mouth drawn in a significant smile. It was Madge Marks. Her sleep had ended abruptly as it had come upon her. Arising from the lounge in the room where she had been stricken down insensible, she glanced about her in surprise, but soon remembered all. Here is no place for me," she resolved. "I must leave quickly. Devils and fiends!

Diego foiled me in getting me to drink! It shall not be so again. When there is busi--then no liquor. I swear it!" stole silently from the room. As she was about to advance to the stairs, she heard persons ascending; and, to avoid an encounter, she fled noiselessly in the op

posite direction, concealing herself in an alcove at the further end of the hall. Two men entered the room she had just left; one kept on, halting before a door near her, and disappearing inside. The latter she recognized as Lord Blair.

Prompted by curiosity, she went to the door, and listened attentively to what passed between the husband and wife. She chuckled with satisfaction as she drank in every word of Pauline's indignant outburst. She was aroused from her eaves-

dropping by the approach of Brandt, and had barely time to regain her concealment when the physician paused at the same

Then came a scream; Brandt cried out that Madge Marks was gone; and in the same moment, he, too, disappeared into the

Presently the door opened; Blair came out, carrying Pauline; and Madge Marks followed after him like a specter. Lord Blair returned to find the physician as he had left him—still holding the terrified girl, who trembled as her master re-en-

tered the boudoir. 'Mark me," he said, advancing, and addressing her sternly; "if you do not wish to die, you will be quiet.' She clasped her hands imploringly, but could not speak, so firmly did the physician

press his hand across her mouth. Let her go, doctor." When Brandt released her, she sunk upon her knees, and wailed:

"Oh! tell me, my lord—what have you done with my mistress? Where is she? Oh! oh! you have killed her! you have killed her!" and hiding her face in her apron, she burst forth in a tempest of

man. "Your mistress is safe enough. She is unharmed. But heed what I say;" (tak-

"Silence, girl," commanded the English-

ing her wrist, and closing his fingers over it I two companions after that; but finding his

way blocked, he fairly howled, and forced his way through only to be confronted by the law deputies.
"It's the Spaniard! seize him!"

Then began a struggle. The bull-fighter was well known to those who faced him as a desperate character, and one for whose arrest the authorities had frequently given order. They attacked him with their batons, and he fought and raved, circling the bright steel about his head with lightning quickness and furious strength; but his fierce resist-ance amounted to naught. Wherever he struck, there seemed to be a dozen batons ready to receive and turn the blow; and, with every stroke, a dozen batons bruised him in a dozen different parts, until, bruised and bloody, he tottered back into the fencing-room; the sword fell from his grip; he sunk to the floor, exhausted, to be immediately seized and bound.

Headed by their sergeant, the policemen filed in on one side of the apartment, while the wondering, trembling servants shrunk

before them.

Blair leaped to the iron plate, and, placing his back against it, brought his weapon to a guard. In this action he was imitated by Gulick Brandt.

"Back" cried the former; "back, I say. If you court death, then come on. The first who approaches me, dies. I will slay you all sooner than be taken. Back! You dare not lay a hand on me..." not lay a hand on me-

A form whipped around the iron target; the saber was knocked from the Englishman's hand; a strong grip was fastened on his collar, and Joe Fleet, in a voice of

his collar, and Joe Fleet, in a voice of tantalizing calmness, said:

"Can't, eh? Nobody lay a hand on you?
Mistaken. See? I'vegot you tight! Now, don't by any means allow yourself to become excited, my lord. It's unhealthy even for the nobility. Joe Fleet, I am."

Lord Hallison Blair glared upon the detective, and nearly choked in discomfiture as he thus found himself overpowered in an instant by the man he had considered his victim.

Gulick Brandt, with a wail, let fall his ra-

pier, and offered no resistance when strong hands laid hold upon him. Here's somebody that'll make you feel bad—rogue!" continued Fleet, slightly shaking the nobleman; and he pointed to Victor Hassan, who, at that moment, entered, followed by Calvert Herndon

At sight of the latter, Blair gazed as one who doubts his vision. Guliek Brandt tottered and fell in a faint. Joe Fleet was evidently well pleased with "the situation."

CHAPTER XXIX. A RED TABLEAU.

With face of ashen hue the now thoroughly cowed Lord Blair turned to Cal-

oughly cowed Lord Blair turned to Calvert Herndon and gasped:

"You—you are alive!"

"Ay" returned the merchant, sternly, solemnly; "alive, and come to confound you, miserable wretch! justice demands that you be delivered up. The injured victims to your inhuman plottings await to see you nunished. Are you prepared to see you punished. Are you prepared to render an account to the Supreme Being for

render an account to the Supreme Being for your wickedness? Oh! villain—"

"Mercy!" fell from the nobleman's lips, in an involuntary breath, his hitherto strong spirit now completely broken down.

"Mercy!" repeated Victor, gazing fixedly at his enemy; "mercy? You ask mercy at our hands! Had you mercy for us?—for me, when you tore from me a cherished idol, and would have blasted my whole existence? You strive to brutally murder two persons, and blight the hopes of a third and yet cry and blight the hopes of a third, and yet cry for mercy! In the hour of your downfall you cringe before your fellow-men, and, lins that neve rather given to the defilement of Holy Writ, crave pardon! Ask pardon of your God! it is not ours to grant. Where is Panling?"

Before Blair could reply, the moment's si-ence was broken by a howl, as Diego Perez, who had wrung his arms from the hold of his captors, though not extricated them from their bonds, darted from the room. "Quick, Madge Marks—cut these ropes! My knife in my bosom. Quick!"
In a second the ropes were sundered; and

none too soon, for two policemen were upon him, their batons raised to strike. With a yell, he swung his great arm aloft.

Crash! came his huge fist between the eyes of the foremost, and, ere the second could act, Diego was gone down the passage "Answer my question, Lord Hallison air," pursued Victor, advancing; "where

"Yes, where is she?" screamed a cracked voice at the door, and Madge Marks stood before them with a glare of hatred fixed upon Hallison Blair.

She is here!" immediately cried another voice, and Pauline ran from behind the hag. Two men exclaimed joyfully at her appearance; one man, even in his despair and cha-

grin, shot a baleful, fiery glance at those Pauline seemed not to notice her wicked

husband; all others, save one, were lost in that riveted gaze which fastened upon Calvert Herndon. Her beautiful brown eyes widened, her breath seemed checked as she beheld her father, like an apparition from the grave, holding out his arms to receive

Pauline! Pauline, my child!"
Father! father!" All doubts were at rest, and in another moment she was nestling to that parental breast. Victor, despite the consideration that she

was the wife of another, instinctively clasped her to his breast. "Come," said Fleet, addressing the sergeant in a business tone, "take these rascals away. My Lord Blair says he'll go peace-

ably—"
"He's not a lord!" screamed Madge
Marks, shrilly; "he's a low-born villain!
He's my nephew! He's the son of my sister, Sarah Marks. Her husband's name was Gregor—his name's Hallison Gregor!

When Madge entered the room, a policeman had instantly seized her, and as she thus spoke, he shook her roughly, saying:

"I will not," she persisted. "Iknow him well. He's my nephew. I took the true son of Earl Harold to America, many years ago. This man is only Hallison Gregor, my sister's child.

"Ha!" exclaimed Victor, stepping to her side, "you knew Victor Hassan in his infancy? Do you know this, woman?" baring his arm, and holding up to her view the coat-of-arms of Blair, with the name.

For a moment she gazed upon the device; for a moment she bent a close scrutiny upon his features; then she cried:
"It is he! You are Victor! You—"

She was interrupted by the detective, who, having been noting, attentively, what she said, now enjoined upon the man who

"Keep her tight. Important witness she is. Good! Everything goes on nicely. How do you like it, Lord Hal—" Blair was no longer at his side, and he whirled around to discover the Englishman in the act of committing suicide.

He had snatched up the fallen sword, springing backward out of Fleet's reach; the hilt was against the floor, the point at Before a hand could stay him, he threw himself upon the weapon; the sharp blade pierced his heart, and, without a groan or a cry, he sunk, lifeless, at their

Bad-very bad, that!" commented the detective, as a murmur of horror arose simultaneously on all sides. "Cheated the law, after all. I—eh? Hold on! Stop him! Catch him!" The latter exclamations were called forth by a sudden commotion created by Gulick Brandt, who, half mad with des peration, had broken loose and dashed off n the confusion.

He was pursued, but managed to escape from the house, and that was the last ever een or heard of him. What became of him after that night is a problem, that even Joe Fleet never could solve.

He was sorry, was disappointed, at this unlooked for turn. He had anticipated a rare case in the courts, as a result of the expose in which he had figured: when, here, everything was quite spoiled, through one of his prisoners having committed suicide and the others having effected their escape. The officers were dismissed, but Fleet re-

mained to attend to matters. Pauline, with her father and Victor, retired to a private parlor, where they could enjoy, in privacy, the emotions incident to their blissful reunion—blissful even with the shadow of wrong and death over that

Fleet joined them shortly, and tendered his congratulations, inquiring, at the same time, if they had decided upon a course. Can we not go back again to America,

dear father?" suggested Pauline.
"But, what of Victor, my child?" replied the merchant, glancing at the young man.
"He has a title to receive—a position to fill in England."

It was then she learned of Victor what the reader already knows; ascertained that he, instead of the man who had been her husband, was the son of the deceased Earl Harold, and sole heir to the titles of that no-

bleman.

"But I care little, if at all, for either title or estate now, Mr. Herndon," said Victor, gazing lovingly at Pauline; "Pauline is released to me, and I am possessed of unrialed wealth in her love."

released to me, and I am possessed of unrivaled wealth in her love."

"Well," interposed Fleet, "I express my opinion that you'd all best 'go to roost.'

It's late—very late. To-morrow you can arrange matters to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Fleet—" began Victor, as he was about to go.

about to go.
"Joe Fleet, if you please," interrupted the detective.
"I must thank you for the great, great service you have rendered me. I owe you my life, and—"
"There! That'll do. Go to bed. Go to

"There! That'll do. Go to bed. Go to sleep. Get some rest, sir; get some rest. Clear your brain for the debate to-morrow. I've got something to look after before morning. Good-night." And as Victor, bidding him good-night, passed out at the door, he continued: "Um! I'm glad of this. Half expected they'd sit up all night! Very sensible they are. Now, I'll see if the servants have attended to defunct Blair, and then to the private papers, etc., to see what then to the private papers, etc., to see what can find. I want to know how Gulick Brandt got into the position of executor, after Herndon destroyed the will to that effect, as I have been informed was the case.

He went to the fencing-room, and seein that everything had been properly attended to, first dispatched a servant for the undertaker, and then proceeded to carry out the idea he had conceived.

As detective Joseph Fleet ascended the stairs to the floor on which were the sleeping apartments of the late Hallison Gregor, a distant bell chimed forth upon the still air, denoting the hour of two, and as the notes echoed four strokes, Fleet

"Two o'clock-and an echo, which is two more. Twice two are four, and now I will explore. So—thus slowly drags the night, and all is quiet."

CHAPTER XXX. HOME AGAIN!

Two months later. The day was fine the wind fair, and a steady breeze filled the white canvas of a noble vessel as it steered seaward, bound for that haven for true hearts and warm souls-America.

She bore upon her neat decks five pasengers, who have figured as important characters in our narrative, viz: Calvert Herndon and Pauline—the widowed Lady Blair-Victor Hassan, S. J. E. Kraak, and Pauline's former waiting-maid, Kate.

It had been decided that Victor should

not advance his claim to the lordly title of the deceased Earl of —; the young man being doubly persuaded by the merchant, who promised ample income for his daugh ter and her husband, for a brilliant wedding was to take place immediately upon their arrival in New York

The lawyers, who had promised themselves an interesting court proceeding, were somewhat disappointed on ascertaining the altered intentions of their client; but, a liberal fee sufficed to pay them for what small trouble they had already been at, to procure the restoration of the papers in their possession, and to insure their silence in regard to the matter. Thus the proposed testimony of the ex-superintendent and Kate was done

Their future was, however, fully provided for; Kraak being appointed a pleasant position in Herndon's house, and Kate once more waiting upon her beloved mistress,

Of course the widow of deceased Lord Blair duly received her portion.

Joe Fleet had been well rewarded, and had given promise to hush the rather tragi-cal romance to the extent of his ability. But just sufficient leaked out, as is generally the case, to create a sensational gossip, which was augmented by the sudden departure of Lady Blair from London.

The sensation created by the advent of Calvert Herndon, after so many had seen him consigned to the tomb, is another point upon which the reader must give his, or her, imagination play.

The callers at the Home Mansion, when it was again thrown open to life and gayety, were numerous, and rumor, like a rolling snow-ball, grew in bulk as it spread about.

The merchant was overrun with visitors, whose curiosity made them eager to know by what miracle he had, as it were, arisen from the grave.

Madge Marks was liberated by the Lon-

don authorities, after obtaining from her much important testimony, but on condition that she would leave the city immediately. This she complied with, and we take it for granted that Diego Perez went with her; for neither were seen again about their favorite haunts, and, among others, Joe Fleet was glad of the riddance.

A lovely night—the first snow of winter. Houses, trees, bushes, and ground are clothed with the soft, pure mantle of flaky white, which, though unlike the blooming and refreshing luxury of springtime, that adorns nature in sublime majesty and inspiring grandeur, is not without a charm.

The air is hushed—but hark! there's mu-

are all is nushed—but hark? there's indiscisc sounding. It seems smothered in a distant place, yet distinct, and floating to the ear in gentle cadence. A glaring blaze of light falls from the windows of the Home Mansion upon the glittering crust without, and forms are flitting to and fro in the mazy dence.

A jingle of sleigh-bells sounds on the road; gay laughter of ladies and gentlemen drowns the strains from violin and flute, and another party has arrived to participate in the festivities.

Here we pause, hoping that the joy inaugurated on that happy evening, when the parlors thronged with well-wishing guests, lasted, without a mar, through earthly life,

"——health and innocence Transport the eye, the soul, the sense." THE END.

The Winged Whale: THE MYSTERY OF RED RUPERT.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "SCARLET HAND," "HEART OF FIRE," "WOLF DEMON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE MESSENGER.

UNDER the trees crowning the bluff that frowned on the dark waters, where Bayou Achee leaped into the embrace of the bay, stood the Yankee, Andrews, and a stalwart stranger, clad in a sailor's garb. By the side of this sailor hung a cutlass, and a heavy pistol was thrust through his belt. Andrews had just dismounted from a horse, whose heaving sides told that he had

been ridden hard. Where's the captain?" asked the sailor, who answered to the name of Will Ed-

"Up yonder in Pensacola," replied Andrews, a gloomy look upon his shrewd face.
"Why didn't he come with you?"
"For the best of all reasons, he couldn't. He's a prisoner in the hands of the Span-

A prisoner!" exclaimed Edwards, in astonishment. "Yes."

"What is to be done?" "At present, nothing," Andrews replied.
'When the dons captivated the cap'n, I managed to escape. There's an old Injun managed to escape. There's an old Injurchief mixed up in the affair. He promised me that he would free the cap'n. The old red-skin seems to know all about us and our expedition. With the Injun I scoute around the shanty where they've got the cap'n locked up. Then the chief told me to wait at a certain spot with two horses for an hour; if he and the cap'n didn't

come within that time to mount one of the horses, ride down here and get fifty men Then to wait here until I heard from him "

'I suppose the idea is to make a sudden dash, carry off our cap'n and then retreat."
"Yes; but it was hard work to make out what the red-skin did mean. He don't say much, and what he does say is awfully mix-

I don't like this land business, for my part," said Edwards, thoughtfully; "the sea is our element.'

'It can't be helped. If we should run the brigantine up, the dons might put the cap'n out of the way. Our only hope is to make a sudden dash and surprise You may as well get the brigantine ready for sea, though; there's no telling what will happen in the next twenty-four hours.

I've a notion that there's fun ahead."
"So much the better!" cried the sailor, rubbing his hands together, gleefully. getting tired of skulking down here in the ushes. The boys are spoiling for a fight, and they wouldn't like any thing better than a brush with the dons.

"They'll have all the fighting they want pretty soon, or I miss my reckoning," Andrews replied. Then a sailor approached, conducting a

horseman. The two came directly up to "A messenger for the captain," said the

"I wish to see captain Vane instantly," said the horseman, who was a little, stoutly-built man, dressed roughly. Both man and steed were covered with dust, and show ed the traces of a long journey and hard

"I'm afraid that you can not see the cap tain at present," Andrews replied.
"But my business is of the utmost importance," urged the messenger. "I am the bearer of dispatches from General Jack-

"I am sorry, but the captain at present is in Pensacola, and although I expect him very moment, yet circumstances may de tain him there for some time." I understand," said the messenger; "he

is noting the weak points of the enemy. service of danger and one that suits well with the captain's daring spirit.' "I am second in command, Lieutenant Andrews; are your instructions to deliver

the dispatches into the captain's own hands?" the Yankee asked. "Yes, sir," replied the messenger; "they must be of great importance, as the General's orders were to spare neither myself nor horse, but ride as if I rode for life, and to be sure and deliver the dispatches into no

other hands but those of the captain. "Well, you will have to wait, then," An-ews said. "I expect either the captain drews said. or a messenger from him every moment. Where is General Jackson now?

"He was to encamp to-night on the Per-

dita river."
"He is on the march then for Pensacola?"

Andrews said, in surprise.

"Yes; at the head of quite a large force."

"I can understand now; we are, probably, to co-operate with the land forces in an attack on the city? 'I should not be surprised," replied the

A sailor with a night-glass in his hand approached the little group, coming from the sea side of the bluff.

"Lieutenant, a small boat is in the bay,

making for the bayou."

" A small boat ?"

"Looks like one of those fishing smacks," "Get the light ready then; we'll have to start the whale out arter 'em. The demon

will frighten them away. You look after that, Edwards," said Andrews.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the sailor, Edwards, and he hastened away; going, not toward the sea, but landward to the bayou.

"I'll take a look at the critter, myself," caid Andrews. "If you come with me sir said Andrews. "If you come with me, sir, I'll show you a clever Yankee trick that has

just frightened the life out of the bay fisher-men." He spoke to Jackson's messenger. "I shall be pleased," the messenger re-"And, Tom," Andrews addressed the sailor who had brought the intelligence of the boat's approach, "give 'em the light as

strong as you can.' "Oh, never fear, sir!" cried the sailor, laughing; "I'll do it up brown."

The sailor retraced his steps to his lookout on the summit of the bluff. Andrews

and the horseman, who had dismounted and tied his horse to a tree, followed.

From the summit of the hill they commanded a full view of the bay, although the darkness of the night—the moon was obscured by a heavy cloud—limited the extent Afar off on the dark waters, but approach-

ing each minute nearer and nearer to the entrance to the bayou, was the white sail of the little boat. Steadily on came the light craft, dancing like a thing of life on the white-capped billows of the bay. Straight she steered for the dark mouth of the bayou. A sailor's

hand was evidently at the helm. "They intend to run into the bayou, confound 'em!" Andrews cried, annoyed, as he watched the progress of the craft.

"They will discover your presence here then," the messenger said. "Yes, if they don't see something to make them get out of the bayou quicker than they came in," Andrews replied. "Why, what should they see?" asked the

messenger, in astonishment. "The most awful sight that a man's eyes

ever looked upon," Andrews replied.
"There's a demon form—a water devil—in
the shape of a Winged Whale—that haunts
the bayou and is certain death to strangers, particularly Spaniards. Wait till yon little craft enters the channel here and you'll see a sight that will make your hair stand on

The messenger listened to the strange words of the sailor with wonder.
"You are joking with me," he said, at

last.

"Am I? Well, you jest wait and see," Andrews replied, with never a smile on his weatherbeaten features. "If it don't frighten you out of a year's growth, you can call me a stick-in-the-mud." "Such a thing as a Winged Whale never

"In natur', no; but this awful critter is out of all natur'. Don't I tell you it's a de-mon, ready to swallow folks alive, only it never gets the chance, as none of the dons m anxious to cultivate its acquaintance They sail into the inlet as bold as thunder, but the way they get out of it when the Winged Whale comes beats all possessed." The incredulous look upon the face of the

messenger told plainly that he thought the shrewd Down-easter was playing a joke up-"When I see the Winged Whale, I'll believe that it exists," he said, doubtfully. "Weil, you are jest the most awful feller to convince that I ever did hear tell on,"

said Andrews, a shrewd smile creeping over his face. Then he noted the position of the boat. It had entered the channel that led to the bayou.

"Keep your eyes about there," and as he spoke, the Yankee pointed to the bayou, north-west of where they stood. "In less than a minute you'll see it. If you have got any prayers to say, I guess you had better

And as the messenger looked in the direction indicated by the outstretched arm of Andrews, to his utter astonishment he be held a peculiar bright light floating on the surface of the water. Ere he could his amazement, a dark form appeared in the center of the light; it was a huge sea-monster with wide outstretched wings, eyes that shone like balls of fire, and a mouth which vomited forth flames.

For a little minute only the awe-struck eyes of the messenger 'ooked upon the terrible monster, for, over the surface of the water, came the clear hail: Winged Whale, ahoy!'

As if by magic, at the sound the monster and mystic light disappeared; all again was darkness. The messenger rubbed his eyes convince himself that he had not been dreaming. Andrews had listened attentively to the

at the sound. "It's the cap'n, by jingo!" he cried.
"The captain?" said the messenger, not yet recovered from the effect of the strange

A smile of delight came over his face

sight that he had seen. "Yes; I'd swear to his voice among a thousand," Andrews replied. "He has managed to escape from the dons. Come, let us to the beach!"

Andrews and the messenger hurried down. But, by the time they reached the beach, the boat already had made a landing. Rupert and Isabel stood on the beach, surrounded by a dozen stalwart sailors, who gladly welcomed their leader. Isabel, leaning on Rupert's arm, looked

around her in astonishment. Are these men the dreaded pirates of Lafitte?" she asked herself, as she gazed upon the manly faces of the seamen. Welcome, cap'n!" cried Andrews, in e. "Here's a messenger from the General

with important dispatches."
Rupert tore open the dispatches eagerly and by the light of a torch which one of the sailors carried, scanned their contents.

"The time for action, lads, has come!" he cried, in joy. "Andrews, see that every thing is put in readiness to sail by daylight. By noon, to-morrow, I'll have ample ven-

geance for all the wrong that they have

done me in yonder city."

"That's the talk! Hurrah for action!"

cried Andrews, in delight, and a sturdy
cheer went merrily up on the night breeze and woke the echoes of the bayou as it died

away, far in the distance.
"You shall take possession of my cabin, Isabel," he said, in an undertone, to the girl, "until we reach New Orleans. There a minister will make you mine forever." "Your cabin?" said Isabel, in astonish-

"Yes; I have a surprise in store for you," he said, smilingly. "Soon you shall stand on the deck of my ocean kingdom."

Just as the first gray streaks of the morning light began to line the eastern skies, the old Indian chief woke Rupert from his slumber with the intelligence that the Spaniards would attack him by daylight, from the sea!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ATTACK. THE morning sun was some hours old in

the heavens when the coasting schooner that bore Captain Estevan and his men arrived off the mouth of the bayou. All within the inlet was still; no sound or sign gave evidence of the presence of a foe. Estevan stood on deck, Lieutenant Cadova by his side. At the helm, guiding the course of the schooner, stood the fisherman,

Pablo, who had been employed as pilot. "Can you take the schooner into the bayou?" asked Estevan, surveying the nar-

row passage with an expression of doubt upon his features.
"Oh, yes, senor," the fisherman replied, quickly; "there is water enough there to

float a frigate." "Is there not danger of an ambuscade?" asked Cadova, glancing anxiously at the wooded banks of the inlet. "As we pass through, a raking fire of musketry would

"It is not likely that this fellow has more than half a dozen men with him," Estevan replied, scornfully. "I do not think that they will dare to attempt to fight us," and

Estevan glanced proudly at the warlike array that surrounded him. "So run the schooner into the bayou, pilot."

Pablo obeyed the order. Obedient to the helm, the craft forged through the narrow inlet and entered upon the bay beyond. As she swung round the point into the bayou, a huge dark form, lying motionless upon the surface of the water in one of the little in-lets that dented the shore of the bayou, met

the eyes of the Spaniards. Roque, who formed one of the party, recognized it at once.

'It is the water demon, asleep!" he cried, in horror. The soldier was right; the huge form that slept so quietly upon the surface of the tide was indeed the Winged Whale. Its great wings were extended in the air as if it meditated flight into the upper region. The great eyes no longer shone like balls of fire; indeed, they looked as if the eyes themselves had been torn from their sockets. The huge jaws were shut, and no longer poured forth the breath of fire.

The Spaniards crowded to the side of the vessel to look upon the terrible form of which they had heard so much, for Roque, and the other soldiers who had been his companions on the night when they had en-countered the water demon, had told of the

terrible figure, and had not hesitated to embellish their story somewhat.

"Try a shot on yonder thing!" cried Estevan; "we'll see if it is proof against powder

In the broad glare of the daylight, the Winged Whale did not inspire such terror as when the dark mantle of night was on The light brass-piece that Estevan had

mounted on the schooner was trained upon the monster. The match was applied, the the monster. The match was applied, the white puff of smoke poured forth, and the round shot sped on its way. The aim of the Spaniard was true; the ball struck the monster just at the water line. The awful form shivered for a moment, then reeled convulsively on its side, sunk half way down in the water, and then

The Spaniards looked on in astonishment.
"By'the Virgin! the demon died easy!" exclaimed Roque, who had expected to see the round shot recoil from the form of the terrible thing as though it had stricken a stone

wall.
"There is some trick in this!" exclaimed Estevan. "Pilot, head the craft for yonder thing; "we'll see what it is." The pilot obeyed the order, and the schoon-

er soon drew near to the huge water demon. Curses loud and deep broke from the lips of the Spaniards when they discovered what the Winged Whale really was.

They saw that they had been the victims of a shrewd Yankee trick. The water demon was but a monster curiously constructed

of wood and canvas, painted to resemble a huge fish, and mounted upon a boat. Estevan understood at once how, in the night, emerging from the darkness into the light, the figure seemed to rise from the

But the strange circle of light, senor captain?" cried Roque, who was unwilling to give up his belief in the supernatural char-acter of the monster.

"Thrown by a powerful reflector from the bank of the bayou!" Estevan said, in anger. "I can not understand how the cursed trick duped me as it did." But, even as the Spanish captain spoke, a new incident called his attention and forbade any further notice being taken of Andrews' clever device for frightening the Spanish

fishermen out of the bayou. Round a point in the upper part of the land-locked bay, that concealed it from sight, came a savey brigantine. The beautiful water lines, the sharp bow, the rake of the masts, and the enormous spread of canvas.

told that the new-comer was an American Up went a pure white flag to the peak, and, as it fluttered out in the breeze, the Spaniards saw that it bore the figure of a Winged Whale!

The rage of Estevan knew no bounds. He saw that he was in a trap from whence there

was no escape.
The Winged Whale, for so the savey brigantine was named, bore down directly upon

There was but one means of escape—the boat of the schooner. Hastily Estevan gave the order:

'Lower the boat!" Hardly had it touched the water, when the Spaniards poured into it, pell-mell; it upset, and the soldiers were plunged into the wa-



Estevan was choking in the embrace of the tide. Vainly he struggled; unable to swim, death alone awaited him.

'Help! save me!" he cried But in that hour of peril, the life of the captain was worth no more than that of the common soldier. Some of the men, luckily, clung to the boat, but Estevan, drifting slowly away, carried on by the tide, was past mortal help. He beat the water vainly with his hands, shrieked in agony for aid, struggled feebly, and then the dark waves closed over his head, and Estevan, the Spanish captain, sunk, to rise no more.

The waters of the bayou settled the debt

of vengeance owed by the Spaniard to Red

"Do you surrender?" cried the shrill voice of Andrews, as he laid the brigantine alongside the schooner. Yes, senor," replied the lieutenant, Ca-

Rupert, with a score of men, boarded the "Where is Captain Estevan?" the sailor

where is Captain Estevan? the sair's asked, as his eyes rapidly glanced along the deck in search of the Spaniard.

"Yonder, beneath the waves," replied the Spaniard. "He attempted to escape, but

the boat upset, and he was drowned.' For a moment Rupert was silent. He had come prepared to meet a foe, for the first

time placed by fortune at his merey, but death had robbed him of his victory. "I am sorry for his death, although he was my foe," the sailor said, slowly. "I should have made him my prisoner, but his life would have been safe in my hands. Heaven is my witness that I did not wish to take his life, although he assailed mine more than once. But that is all over now. The grave ends all hatreds."

"What is your pleasure, senor, respecting myself and men?" the officer asked. Let your men give up their weapons and retire below. I shall put a prize crew on board. Your final disposition will rest with General Jackson, into whose charge I shall commit you, when he arrives," Rupert re-

"This loss will be a sad blow to the com mandante," said the Spanish officer, regret-fully. "If, as I hear, it is the intention of General Jackson to attack Pensacola, I pro sume that you are acting in concert with

"Yes, senor," Rupert replied; "yonder craft is the American privateer, the 'Winged Whale,' which I have the honor to command. I shall proceed at once to Pensacola and attack the fort, unless your commandante has the wisdom to surrender."

Soon the Spaniards were disarmed and placed below the hatches. One of the petty officers of the privateer, with some twenty men, was placed in charge of the prize, and then the brigantine, passing through the narrow inlet into the broad waters of the bay, turned her sharp bow northward, to-ward the doomed city of Pensacola. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 57.)

The Avenging Angels:

THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO.

A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

> CHAPTER XXVI. A BLOW FOR A BLOW.

THE whole assembly of Indians held their breath, while looks of mingled astonishment and admiration were exchanged on all sides. The quick, decisive act of the Indian, the calm exterior of the scout, when the sudden and vindictive attack was made, created something of a revulsion of feeling on the part of the Shawnees.

"Rattlesnake is a hot-headed youth," said Theanderigo, coldly; "such is not the death a man should die. The soldier of the long-knives, Never-miss, does not ask it. He says to the Shawnees, 'Ye have a warrior for your prisoner, and will treat him as such. If I am to be tortured, let it be such as no ordinary man can bear.

Steve smiled grimly at this intimation. 'If you can git me to boast, Indian, do, I am, I say again, a white man, as God made me, and nothing else. I have spoken. As for Rattlesnake there, I'm obleeged to him, since he would have slain me as in fair fight; but if he'll loosen these yar bonds and give me a little ax, I'll send him howling among the petticoats like a whipped cur as he is.

Steve said this with a strong show of honest indignation, but in reality to try and provoke the other to use violence. He was etermined to act with all the manliness of which he was capable, but he too well knew the fiendish devices of the red-skins to hope escape without some demonstration of frail humanity's weakness.

Steve was now left to his meditations, and, after a while, even released from his bonds, that he might have both the physical and mental power to endure tortures such as require all man's utmost heart and energy Nothing, it is true, delights the savage more than the shrieks and yielding of the flesh on the part of his victim; yet do all enjoy the scene of a strong man's anguish as a pre

The scout was free—that is, free to use his arms and legs in the way of taking exereise, if he pleased; but as walking about would give his enemies an idea that he some opportunity to escape, the white hunter scorned the act, and therefore. seated himself on a log close to the post which, in all probability, would serve as the

instrument of his execution. One thing puzzled him much, and in the hour of approaching death worried and annoved him.

If it was not Martha who had been villainously slain by his knife, who was it?

His eye was too keen, his memory too certain for him to have any doubt. There were the clothes belonging to Martha, whoever might be the person who were them. Now this subject, apparently so unimportant at so dread a moment, seemed to prey upon the mind of the hunter—superstitious, like all of his time, race, and simplicity of char-

Suddenly his meditations were interrupted by a husky voice, while a foot seemed to spurn him from his seat.

He looked up and saw lowering at him a warrior of about fifty—a hideous, ill-shaped drunken savage, plentifully bedaubed over head and breast with the scarlet clay of the Wabash, his dark, shining eyes glaring fu-

"I am Catamount," he said, striking his naked breast; "where is my son, Soosoma?"

"I don't know and I don't k'yare," replied Steve, angrily; "but if you put your fut on me ag'in, this child 'll be apt to get

riled."

"Lost son—Soosoma—good hunter," continued the man; "kill bear, kill buffald, catch fish, feed old father, feed old squaw, feed little pappoose, kill white man, kill long-knife, kill Injiman, kill squaw, kill pappoose, all sealp—now dead—where is he?"

"Your son was killed in fair fight," said Steve, quietly; "and you may thank your stars he was a natural-born fool, or else my friend Kenewa would have scalped him.

friend Kenewa would have scalped him.

'Too much lie!" roared Catamount, and forgetful of every consideration but blind fury and personal revenge, he clutched his tomahawk; while not even the savage animal from which he got his name could glare at his shrinking prey with more hideous and appalling ferocity than he did at Steve, who stood erect before him with a bright and

Too much lie!" he screamed, as he lift ed up the dangerous and fatal weapon.

"Mind yerdon't hurt yerself," said Steve But the man, furious at the other's coolness, and utterly regardless of the threatening shouts of his countrymen, who were coming toward the spot at the top of their speed, darted the bright weapon full in the

hunter's face. The scout stood calm and erect, and, to the astonishment of all, caught the tomahawk in his uplifted hand, and with one rapid blow brained his antagonist on the spot; then with a wild cry, which showed how much of savage characteristics he had imbibed, he bounded over the plain in a direction which enabled him to face only women and children, who, alarmed at his weapon, his fierce mien and terrific bounds,

gave way, screaming, in all directions.
Scarcely one warrior but paused an intant to see that the chief who had brought this upon himself by his intemperance was really dead, and then all bounded in pursuit, making the valley, the rocks, and the forest echo again with their loud, angry and long-repeated cries.

The flight of Steve, though in reality a hasty and sudden determination, was, however, carried out with a systematic plan Though not originally intending to try the elasticity and spring of his muscles, he yet had so well pondered all the chances of such an attempt, that he started with a definite plan in his mind; and this was, to enter the forest, dash for the hills, make round the ridge at the head of the valley, and then cross the stream. Arms he had none to stand at bay with, as a tomahawk was useless in a contest with either bows or firearms. All his hopes were in his power to outrun and outwit his pursuers, to do which, on their own ground, was indeed a difficult and almost hopeless task.

The plain on which the village was situ-

ated was some thirty acres in extent, while

atod was some thirty acres in extent, while the village formed one edge near the stream, the forest the other. On the verge of the latter was a long fringe of bushes, toward which Steve dashed at headlong speed. While still dashing over the plain, with high and vaulting bounds, to defeat the aims of his pursuers, several rifles were dis-charged at him, but without effect. But his eccentric movements, the hurry-skurry his eccentric movements, the hurry-skurry of the pursuers, and the terrible confusion into which the whole camp was thrown, prevented any from aiming with coolness. He could hear the bullets whistling past him, cutting twigs from the branches at his side, yet not one touched him.

Steve turned and saw that, through these hasty and ill-considered efforts, he was gaining on the Shawnees; but he saw also, that a select party of youthful runners and braves were dashing down the stream to round the rock, and thus intercept him Thankful to have seen thus much, he waved his tomahawk on high, gave a wild halloo and. plunged into the forest.

As soon as he was sheltered from observation, he slackened his speed, which was the more required as he was about to ascend a hill. That it was steep and rugged mat-

Presently the slope became even less diffi-cult, and covered with green sward. Here, however, Steve slackened his speed, not so much to gain breath as to reconnoiter.

Behind him were the Shawnees, whoop ing and yelling like demons. But these he did not care for, being principally intent on discovering what had become of those to his right. That they were about to attempt creeping on him unawares he was sure Therefore, clutching his tomahawk, and continuing on his way, he soon reached the summit of the hill; bounding over it, he rapidly descended toward a dark and gloomy bottom, through which a tiny rivu-

let trickled on its way to the stream below.

The bottom was full of trees, upright, bent, and fallen, of all sorts and sizes. One old sycamore lay almost recumbent on the ground, though still growing, having gradually given way, as its support, an oak, de-cayed and fell.

Up this Steve ran with the agility of a monkey, looked down, and saw that there was an open space below, some twenty feet distant; then, collecting all his energies, he leaped through the air from a hight nearly as great, alighting, without harm, on the ground. In front of him was a fallen tree, all covered with vines and ivy, and over this the scout bounded, and next moment lay recumbent on the other side.

On came the furious Shawnees, now joined by the runners who had taken to the left. Next minute they were at the bottom of the glen, rushing about quite at fault, shouting, yelling and threatening in a way that might have appalled a heart less stout and fearless.

One or two came, presently, bounding down the slope, up the other side, and over the tree, persuaded that now they were in reality close upon his track.

But all leaped over the tree without ob-serving the fugitive, who lay under the ivy and vines, panting, and with a heart that throbbed as if about to break. Presently the glen was silent, even the birds of the air having been scared by the hideous cries and execrations of the baffled Indians.

Soon, however, he heard them returning and on their way beating the bushes with sticks, and coming in a semicircle in the di-rection in which he was concealed. With a caution and deliberation thoroughly characteristic of the man, he rose on his hands and knees, peered up and down the glen

and seeing no one, returned, slowly and quietly, the way he had come. Anybody who had seen him would have thought him quite mad, as his steps were directed toward the village, in sight of which in a quarter of an hour he found himself. Then gathering up all his strength and courage, he walked deliberately across the courage, he walked deliberately across the plain, unseen and unnoticed by any, until moment an exhibition of generosity on the

the chief warriors, happening to turn their angry glances that way, saw him standing erect and calm at the post which had been erected for the torture.

> CHAPTER XXVII. THE TEST.

Why had Steve acted in this inexplicable

Simply because it struck him that, once his escape looked upon as a certainty, the savages would be worked up to a high pitch of frenzy, from which Tom and the women

At a sign from Theanderigo, the Shawnees now closed round the scout in a circle the center of which was formed by the vic-tim himself. All were armed, even to the boys, and every brow lowered upon him But the scout, now that his mind was altogether made up to meet his fate, stood stern. mpassible, and solemn, his eyes fixed on

vacancy, as if already preparing for that eternity which appeared so near him.

"The pale-face runs like a deer," said Black Hawk, coldly. "Why does he return to face the friends of those he has murder-

'I ain't murdered no one. Bah! a coward stinks in my nostrils—who would strike an unarmed foe, until his hour had come?" Though the words contained a deadly insult to one of their tribe, none murmured.

Their victim was safe now. "My brother speaks words of wisdom. But, if he was like a deer, why has he dou-bled up like a fox?"

bled up like a fox?"

"Harkee! Mister Theanderigo," said
Never-miss, in rather a pettish tone, "if the
Catamount hadn't 'a' put my dander up I
sh'u'dn't 'a' killed him; if I hadn't 'a' killed
him I sh'u'dn't 'a' run away; and if I hadn't
have known you Injines as well as you
know yourselves—I shouldn't 'a' come back,
for I had escaped, which your braves can
not deny."

anxious silence. "Does my brother wish to keep the reason of his return a secret, or will he whisper it to a chief?"

There was a deep pause of earnest and

"No-I ain't got no secrets, thank God! -but it kinder struck me, Black Hawk, that if I got away scot-free, there might be gals of my color, who mout suffer in the first bu'st of your rage—and that's why I com'd back—thunder!"

The Indians looked at one another. This generous self-denial on the part of the renowned hunter and runner, whose fame was better known on the frontier than that of many generals and captains who had served in the wars, made the more generous-hearted of the tribe still more desirous of securing him as one of themselves, and on a whispered order from the chief the ranks of the men opened, and two women advanced

"It ain't no use," said Steve, with a

'My brother will hear," replied Theanderigo, courteously.

Steve shrugged his shoulders and pre-

pared to endure a trial which his knowledge of Indian customs made as repulsive to him as even the approach of death itself.

One was old, the other was young. The former hideous as exposure, ill-usage, hard work and age could make her—a very hag; the other, pretty and bashful.

"I am Killcub, the wife of Catamount, who, when her husband was in the death-type of the county of the

who, when her husband was in the death-struggle with two panthers, slew the little ones. Cruel pale-face, you have slain the husband of my youth—the father of my children—his wigwam is empty. Look— this is Wildrose—take her. You are a great hunter of the whites; turn from the long-knives, let a singing-kird of the Shawnees nestle in your bosom, and Killcub will for-cet that your band is red. I have said."

get that your hand is red. I have said."
"Well, Killcub, and you, Wildrose, I wish
you hadn't put me to this trial. My skin is white, and neither my color nor my ways will allow me to take the darter of the man I have killed to wife. I'm sorry for you!"

"Cruel pale-face—who will feed my chil-

"The Lord !-- in whom I advise you to put your trust, as I do, when I say, away, and let me die in peace! I am a pale-face, a long-knife, a man without a cross: as such I have lived, and as such I shall die."

The women, both angry and vexed, now burst open the vials of their wrath, assailing Steve with such a volley of epithets, as only fury, rage and mortified pride could have originated. It was a fearful volcano of passion, to which, however, having once spoken his mind, the scout paid not the

least attention. Nor did he offer to defend himself, or retaliate, when the angry old crone flew at him, and aiming at his hair, would have torn him to the ground but for the interven-tion of Black Hawk. This chief was evi-dently lost in astonishment at the courage, endurance and self-devotion of the scout and eager even at the last moment to save him. But as his motives might be miscon strued and his authority despised by his tribe when he went openly against their feelings, he waved his hand to an attendant party of young men, who began at once to

The scout stood as unconcerned as if he were not the party principally interested. He submitted his limbs without a murmur, and when they had so encircled him with ligaments that he couldn't walk, he smiled grimly in their faces.

"Feel mighty like a baby," he muttered. He was now carried to the post, and bound to it in such a way that he could neither move nor fall. In this position he had the pleasure of seeing the women and children busy preparing splinters, which he was well aware were to be stuck into his flesh, and then set on fire. He could also see the mischievous and cruel urchins—all bad boys are cruel, and Indians are all bad boys-collecting together the fuel which, at the last, was scorch his limbs and deprive him of that life which as a man and a Christian was so dear to him. He saw them, too, sharpening their knives, and many of the elder boys busily making small bows and pointed arrows, which were to be shot into his quiver-

But Steve, the scout, swerved not, though aware that he was about to suffer, perhaps, hours of deliberate, cruel and awful tor-

Now, with all his philosophy, courage and powers of endurance, he had no pretension to be possessed of that brutal apathy which so often enables the red-skin to bear tortures at the stake which scarcely a white man is able to endure without flinching.

There were some among his enemies who, utterly hopeless of subduing the scout by

part of the chief might prevail. These had given secret orders that none but experienced, brave and reliable men should enter the lists on this trying and memorable occa

The first trial was to be that of the toma hawk, which, when red-skins were bound to the stake, often ended the exhibition for when the victim dreaded that his physi-cal system was about to give way under the intense agony of his sufferings, he would then, by his taunting reproaches and revil-ing language, endeavor to drive the infuriated tormentors to acts of violence.

This, however, was not expected from the white-skin scout, so that all were desirous of trying to upset his nerves, so as to make him ask for mercy.

Half a dozen warriors now darted into the arena, tomahawk in hand. Their object was to throw this dangerous weapon so that while it whizzed past the victim's ears, it should not hit him, the mark being a stout tree behind the pole to which he was fasten ed. This was a most trying and dangerous experiment, as, despite the expertness of the savages, a mistake was easily made.

None then but the most expert were ever allowed to try their hands upon the sufferer, and such was particularly the case in the present instance. This was perhaps fortu-nate for Steve, for all were recognized as masters in the difficult art of tomahawk throwing, and would therefore be more anxious to exhibit their agility and dexterity than to slay their prisoner

When Steve saw the six grim warriors glide into the arena, he cast such a glance upon them as one having a bet upon the transaction might have done, and remained calm, not a muscle of his face moving, not a blink of the eye nor a quiver of the lip showing what he really must have felt.

The first man who stood forward was a stalwart brave, who, as he poised his wea-pon, sought by the very sternness and hideousness of his face to make the scout at-tempt, at all events, to move his head from one side to the other. All the while he appeared taking steady aim, and yet his little shining weapon moved not, until at last with a rapid jerk that was well calculated to make any one's cheek blanch, he let fly without any preliminary flourishes, and the tomahawk, whirling in the air, cut a chip off the pole close to the prisoner's cheek, but without making him move a muscle or even wink.

Again glances of meaning were exchanged -glances of mingled regret and admira-

All expected that at any rate the scout would have shut his eyes, but he looked the Shawnee full in the face, disdaining the usual and natural expedient which, in the eyes of the Indians, would in no wise have dero-gated from his character as a brave and undaunted warror.

Others followed, and still the captive remained the same. Then a youth came leaping into the circle, whose presence made every heart leap

wildly. A kind of sympathetic feeling to ward the prisoner had now arisen in many a bosom; so far will genuine courage outweigh every other consideration in the eyes

This young warrior, the son of Theanderigo by one of his older and discarded wives, a youth of mercurial character, would not probably have been allowed to compete, but that the rank of his father forbade any interference on the part of the many. But though of a flighty temperament and an elasticity of body which prevented him from ever really standing still, he was brave in the extreme, and promised to become a warrior of no little renown and position.

He carried two tomahawks, one in each hand; and this peculiarity about him it was that caused so much excitement in the circle of warriors, made the children clap their hands, and the women thrill with emotion,

for the sight of danger is a kind of voluptuous enjoyment to the sex. The Leaping Boy, after a variety of un-meaning but graceful flourishes, which might have done credit to the gentlest acrobat that ever threw a somersault upon the stage, stood back, assumed the attitude and stillness of a statue, lifted his arms in the air, and then, whirr! went the tiny wea-pons, pregnant with death, toward the vic-tim. All held their breath, and next in-stant a simultaneous breath of relief showed how deeply the feelings of the multitude

The tomahawks flew past the prisoner

cutting his gray locks that waved in the wind, but doing no harm.

"Touch and go, Master Shawnee," said Steve, with quiet humor; "but a miss is as good as a mile."

The scout seemed to have forgotten his personal interest in the matter, and to think only of the skill of the throwers. None ventured to try their hands after the Leaping Boy, though in the next trial, that of throwing the knife, many showed themselves almost equally skillful, which so aroused the general good-humor that a very little show of yielding on the part of the brave scout would have ended the whole

But the white man was doggedly bent on asking no favor of his enemies, while the thought of escaping by any deceitful or dis-

graceful compact never entered his head. Theanderigo looked at him steadily. The scout shook his head. This decided the savage chief, and from that moment all the worst passions of his nature were let loose upon Steve, upon whom he determined to practice all the severity and cruelty that a long-knife could expect from an inveterate

and cruel foe. A party of riflemen now advanced close to the prisoner, and, without giving him any warning, began discharging their guns righ in his face, over his head, with such rapidity as to dazzle the eyes of the prisoner. This however, was but the preliminary to the real trial by rifle, which is the most dan-gerous and risky of all such experiments, as hair's breadth more or less is the utmost latitude that an experienced marksman allows himself.

Steve now seemed to elevate himself an inch; his eyes were cast once upward to-ward heaven, for at last the moment had come when he must die, if not by the bad shooting of a race not generally distinguished as good marksmen; while, if this mercy was not vouchsafed to him, then the trial by fire would speedily put an end to his suffer

Again he saw fragments of dried wood collected near the sapling, the splinters of which were intended to be thrust into the flesh of the victim.

But, just as a chief walked backward with his rifle ready cocked, and then halted to take aim, there rose on the air a cry so startling that all stood still an instant to learn

the cause of this interruption to the proceedings of the day.

On the plain, standing on a mound almost close to the village, was a man in the garb of an Indian, but so bedaubed with paint that his lineaments could scarcely be distinguished. He was wholly unarmed, not even a knife being visible. As soon as he saw that he was noticed he stopped, lifted his arms in the air—the usual sign of amity and then let them fall meekly on his breast.
"My brother is welcome. Let him enter the village of the Shawnees," said Thean-

The man bowed, turned, tugged at a rope, and next instant descended toward the wig-wams, leading what appeared to be an enor-

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

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SWINGING ON THE GATE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

When I have nothing else to do,
I love to sit and muse
On childhood's eras long gone by,
And pastimes out of use;
And while there's many things forgot,
Kind memory brings of late
The times when you and I, Janette,
Went swinging on the gate.

And oh, it seems so long ago
Since you and I were boys—
I mean since you and I were girls—
Or both, if that's your choice;
When all the world was new to us,
And sorrow had no weight
To lay upon our happy hearts
When we swung on the gate.

The twilight star above us glowed
As to and fro we swung,
A merry song of life and love
The creaking hinges sung;
We heeded not your mother's call
That it was getting late,
But in defiance of commands
Kept swinging on the gate.

And once, while lost in dreams, we swung,
The brittle hinges snapped,
And down we came upon the walk,
And got our noses scraped;
Your father came in anger out,
And home he sent me straight,
And never since that hour have we
Went swinging on the gate.

The Bankrupt's Daughter;

THE GAME THAT DID NOT WIN. An Episode of New York.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

When the simoon of commercial ruin had spent its fury, Gilbert Howland found him self bankrupt. People had thought that the pitiless tempest would not harm him, and they stared incredulously at the paragraph telling of his ruin. It was too true! The rich merchant of yesterday was almost a beggar to-day.

He did not follow the example of many, and sink under the shock. No! he kept his head above the waves, and at once commenced seeking employment, whereby to gain a livelihood for himself and daughter. The ruined merchant was a widower, and Florence his only child. She was very beautiful, and had many suitors for her dimpled hand up to the moment of the bursting of the storm. Then, with a single exception, they left her, as rats desert a sinking craft—left her, because the diamonds which had sparkled on her bosom had gone to satisfy her father's merciless

Men pitied Gilbert Howland because he bore up under his misfortunes like a man, and bravely faced the cold world. He obtained a situation on the old police force, and soon became known as an efficient officer. He and Florence dwelt in an old house in a poor part of the city, and lived as hap-pily there as they had in their palatial man-

sion, now the property of strangers.

I have said that, with a single exception Florence Howland's lovers relinquished their suits when she descended the stairs of poverty. This exception was a middle-aged personage named Wilde Havens, a superintendent of police. He was reputed quite wealthy, had sprung from an aristocratic family, and wielded a vast influence in the

city.

"Perhaps Florence Howland thought herself above me when she was the belle of the avenue," he muttered, one day, when alone in his office. "But now, now she can harbor no such thoughts. The ex-merchant secretly disliked me then; but now he will encourage the suit I am resolved to press. Florence will lend a willing ear to my words now; she will be eager to wed one who can return her to the circle she lately graced—so eager, that she will readily over look my not angelic countenance and men-

The superintendent tried to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the gray-haired bankrupt, and, to all outward appearance, succeeded. Gilbert Howland detested his corrupt superior, but smothered his dislike, for he knew that the utterance of his thoughts would cause his dismissal

from the "force."
So Wilde Havens often crossed the threshold of Florence Howland's humble abode, and held converse with her many a long

Father," said the beautiful girl, one day, "Wilde Havens has asked me to become

his bride.

The ex-merchant looked up from his tea, while a flush of indignation crossed his face.
"And what did you tell him, Florence?" "I told him no," she answered. "Oh, father, have I done a wrong?"
"No, child, no!" cried the old man. "On

the contrary, you have done a noble deed. Wilde Havens is unworthy a woman's love, and sooner than see you his wife, I would fire this house and perish in the flames! will be revenged for your words. I look for an expulsion from the force now. But let him do his worst. God, who noteth the sparrow's fall, will guard us with his omni-

With the shades of night came the revengeful superintendent to the bankrupt's dwelling. He found his subordinate and daughter in a scantily-furnished apartment, the former seated at a desk. Approaching him without uttering a word, the visitor drew an official envelope from his bosom, and threw it upon the desk.

"That contains your dismissal from the force," he said, with emphasis, as the old man took up the envelope. "It also contains another document which may interest you. Read them at your leisure, my dear

The last sentence was uttered with a sneer, and the speaker retreated toward the

door.

"Florence," he said, pausing upon the threshold, and fixing his lustful eyes upon the bankrupt's daughter, "your last words still rankle in my heart. I love you. I have asked you to become my wife, but you have refused. Reconsider your reply. Tell me that you will become mine, and yourself and father shell eyelenge this hovel for a and father shall exchange this hovel for a mansion on the avenue.'

"Wilde Havens," answered the young girl, quickly, and with great calmness, "you have heard my reply; need I repeat it? 'I will never become your wife, so help

me Heaven!" A cloud of anger enthroned itself upon the villain's countenance, and the outburst

of rage that followed was prefaced by an "So mote it be! But I have not done with you yet, Florence Howland. No! the contents of yonder envelope are but the beginning of my revenge. You have de-

scended the stairs of poverty; you shall descend those of degradation, and land, God only knows where. I swear it, by heaven, earth, hell, the dead, the—"
"Cease, villain!" cried Gilbert Howland,

rushing forward with clenched hand. "Finish your oath beyond my threshold; go!" and concentrating his strength, the bankrupt hurled the scoundrel from the room, and slammed the door upon his detested form.

A sardonic laugh, full of meaning, parted Wilde Havens' lips as he walked away. Quivering with indignation, Mr. Howland returned to his desk, broke the seal of the packet, and read the order of dismissal, signed by the general superintendent of po-lice. He next opened the second document, and to his astonishment, discovered it to be a copy of a deed which conveyed, for a certain sum of money, the house he occupied to his bitterest enemy, Wilde Havens.

In silence he passed it to his daughter, who read it with colorless cheeks.

"Father, that villain is determined to effect our ruin," said Florence. "What shall

For a long time Mr. Howland did not speak. Tears filled his eyes. He thought of his daughter, not of himself. He knew that Wilde Havens' hate would never abate, and he feared that his fearful oath would be fulfilled.

"Do not despair, Florence," he said, folding his child to his heart. "We will find

another dwelling-place."
"But where, father, where?"

Yes, where? He stared blankly at her, unable to reply The following morning they received a ummons to vacate the premises within a

certain time, which was near at hand.

For days Mr. Howland sought employment in vain. No roof offered shelter for the twain, and, at last, the almost heartbroken bankrupt saw his scanty furniture tumbled into the street. Suddenly a gentleman, of prepossessing appearance, approached the wretched man,

and said:
"Will not yourself and daughter accompany me to the Astor House?

Gilbert Howland answered in the affirmative, and at the hotel the stranger made known his name and business.

His name was Isaac Darnly; business, banking in New Orleans. Twenty years prior to the present time, he reached New York a poor young man. Then Mr. How-land was a millionaire. He gave Isaac

position for a shot, he was bitten upon the exposed ankle by a huge rattler.

I heard the shrill alarm in time to look

around and see the old hunter spring back, Ef the cussed thing hain't bit me, may I

After which he coolly advanced and crushed the reptile's head with the butt of his rifle

Carefully laying the heavy piece on the ground, he said, "Fetch it along, boy. I ar' got to make tracks!" And away he went in a lope toward the house, some half-mile dis-Of course I hurried on, full of dire alarm,

and when I reached the cabin, expecting to see my old friend in the agony of death, a most singular scene met my eyes.

Extended upon the bed, coolly giving directions, lay the victim, while alongside stood the 'old woman," a gallon jug of whisky in one hand and a pint tin-cup in the other, out of which she was dosing him. He had swallowed two cups' full before I got there, and was emptying the third, after which he turned over, fell asleep, and woke

up twenty-fours after a well man. But, I hear the reader ask, wha has this to do with my adventure

It is simply introductory, nothing more. I had been across the mountain that morning, and was returning to the springs by a short cut over a part of the country with which I was not at all familiar.

In the course of time I awoke to the reality that I was lost, and adopting a plan that has never yet failed me, I threw down the reins and allowed my mule, Bob, to have his

Trusting fully to the intelligence of the animal, I gradually sunk into a reverie, from which I was presently aroused in a manner at once startling and disagreeable. As I glanced hastily around, I saw that the mule attempted a most difficult passage, one that even under favorable circumstances

could hardly have been made in safety.

The path he was following, which had once been a cattle-trail, ran along the base of a steep hill, the rocks rising sheer up upon the right hand, while the precipitous bank

of a creek, now dry, lay upon the other.

The trail had been a good one, but the action of the water, during freshets, had gradually cut the earth away until there was

scarce two feet of roadway left.

The mule had advanced along this until he reached the narrowest place, and then, when too late, discovered that he could neither go forward nor backward.

would begin anew, and keep it up until compelled to stop from sheer exhaustion.

Thus the battle raged, how long I can

never tell, but it seemed to me for hours. Nor can I even ever so faintly portray the horrors of that struggle for life.
At times I would find my hand growing numb under the fearful strain; little by lit-

numb under the fearful strain; little by little the fingers would relax, and then again, as I caught sight of those terrible, blazing eyes, seemingly glaring into mine with a look of triumph, the grip would settle back again, and again would those never-ceasing evolutions flash about by my head.

much keer what turned up, so I detarmined to hev one rip at 'em anyhow. Most of 'em hed gone off in a hurry arter they had got their piece, an' so when I slid down the fur side of the tree an' got ready, ther warn't more'n half a dozen left, an' half of them war squaws. But the old head devil war thar, the big medicin', an' he war the one I micked out But the end was coming.

I saw it suddenly grow dark, my heart seemed bursting its bonds, my breath came "He war still goin' on with his mumblin' an' sign-makin' an' the like, when I drawed a fine bead atween his snaky eyes, an' let the old piece go.

"He never knowed what hurt him, an' for the otherwhead done lookin' to see if in quick, short gasps, a deathly sickness, nausea, was stealing upon me; my grasp was relaxing, when all at once the turning and twisting ceased, the elastic body became limp between my fingers, the snake had ceased to struggle. It was dead.

Hardly realizing that such was indeed the case, I raised upon my elbow and sought a solution of what then appeared almost a

But there was no mistaking the fact. The snake was no longer the formidable thing it had been a moment before. I held in my hand only the *upper half* of the body, the other lay some little distance away.

At a glance I saw the cause of this sudden change in my favor.

The snake, in its turnings and twistings, had thrown a fold within reach of the terrified mule, and he had bitten it in two.

The Pawnee Sacrifice.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

ONCE while stationed at Fort Clark, on the upper Missouri, I chanced to stroll out to a grove near by, where a party of trappers had encamped, and found them, as usual, seated around their fire, supper being over, smoking and relating their varied ex-

As I drew near, a place was readily made for me, and having seen me comfortably seated, they continued their conversation.

An old gray-headed hunter was talking, or, as it is expressed here, "had the floor."
"They (the Pawnees) ar' a bloodthirsty set, an' as treacherous as a copperhead. never know'd one of 'em to do a thing thet warn't out an' out mean, an' I do believe

"I got off by a tight squeeze an' a heap of hard runnin', but it warn't till next year thet I found out what it all meant—I mean the burnin' an' cuttin' the gal up.

afore the others had done lookin' to see if he war plum' dead, I war half a mile off to

whar thar was a crick in which I broke the

"Arter thet, she lay kinder quiet, an'

"But even then the devils warn't satisfied. They ontied what war left of the gal, an' then the whole lot, for all the world like

a pack of hungry coyotes, fell afoul her, an' cut her into pieces not bigger'n bullets. "By this time I war so mad thet I didn't

picked out.

"You see the Pawnees an' Sioux was at war, an' the Pawnees had captured the gal from the Sioux.

"Thet year the'r corn-crop was a failure, an' they hed sacrificed the prisoner to one of the'r gods who, they believed, looked eespecially arter the corn-fields."

Beat Time's Notes.

The age of man has long been a matter of dispute and has puzzled the learned savans for centuries, and as yet they have entirely failed to come to any thing like a definite conclusion, but I am glad to say that I have discovered traces that antedate the periods when man is supposed to have had his origin, which by most minds is not allowed to have been more than six thousand years ago. I was breakfasting at a country tavern when I made the discovery. I took a biscuit off a plate, and upon prying it apart, which I did with a deal of labor, I discovered traces of primeval man and woman in the shapes of a coat-button, a gallows-buckle, and a hair-pin. Upon examining the different geological stratas of the biscuit, I found that it was one of the earliest formations, and to have had its origin three thousand, four hundred and sixty-two years and some months before the making of the world itself, and it destroys the popular fallacies that have misled learned men for so long a time. The beings those articles represent I conjecture to have been similar to those of the present day, and with, probably, the same habits.

I have been so elated over this discovery that I have had no appetite since, but have refused to be knighted in the Order of the Garter and Shoe-string, and declined to allow the next new world to be named after me.

THERE is no woman so mean but that some other woman can be-meaner.

ALL witnesses are not endowed with wit. THE musician who dwelt upon a note

lately moved off.

When a man goes to a hotel to put up he puts his name down. Some men's virtues, like valuable jewels,

are put away in secret places and never ex-THE following books should be in all

farmers' libraries: the Corn Doctor, Life's Heydays, Plowing the Deeps, Sowing the Wind, Benefits of Thrashing in Youth, and How to enrich the soil of the Heart. The undermined begs to announce to the million readers of the Saturday Journal

that he has opened a museum of curious curiosities, both natural and unnatural, comprising the following bill of fare: One large appetite, chained; caught in the wild New Jersey meadows after a hard

day's hunting. One woman petrified with horror, from which she never recovered. One cage of very bad colds and another of

good colds. One cage of cross lions, and another of Two bottles of violent headaches.

One beautiful set of wax-works-a young adv's teeth. One extra-fledged, long-tailed bull-frog. One tiger lily, very ferocious.
One kit of wise saws, with savage teeth.

One honest man-a rare spectacle, worth alone the price of admission One mother who thinks her children are not much better than anybody's else.

One end of the world. One jugful of happiness One small piece of nothing.
One paper of assorted difficulties. Three loaves of bred in the bone.

One piece of the last chance. One paper of sore-eved needles. The fold to which all rogues may expect to be brought—the scaf-fold.

One hill of beans, down which we used to slide in winter. One pair of full-blooded, well-broken,

primstome matches. A bunch of aromatic leaves from memory.

One cage-full of long-eared toothaches.

A hole made by a cannon-ball in a wall during the siege of Paris.

A handful of goose-quills from the wings of imagination. And innumerable something elses.

WHAT is the difference between two beans which are similarly dissimilar?

How many eggs are there in a broken

How long is a piece of red string? WHAT is the exact difference between no-

thing and something?

IF you are troubled with too much sleepiness, the best thing you can do is to take a walk by your girl's house and see her keeping company with your rival. This is a sure cure one hundred times out of ninetynine.

BLESSED are the poor authors that die without making a noise in the world. Yea, saith the critic, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

BEAT TIME.



THE BANKRUPT'S DAUGHTER.

some money, and told him to let it be the foundation of a fortune. So it proved to be. In the Crescent City he soon became wealthy, and had journeyed to New York for the purpose of befriending the man who had befriended him.

Gilbert Howland and his daughter accompanied the banker to New Orleans. The ex-merchant was created cashier of a flourishing banking-house, and, a few months later, Florence wedded the noble man who had saved her from ruin. Thus was a villain thwarted.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Fight with a Rattlesnake.

BY CAPT. BRUIN ADAMS.

"MILLER'S SPRINGS" and "Old Joe Miller"—not the Mormon saint—are connected with some of the most pleasant, and in one instance, the most fearful recollection of my life.

The springs are situated in the heart of an extensive range of "knobs," the Kentucky name for second-rate mountains, and the country round about is as wild and rugged a bit of territory as could well be found abounding with game, and, to use a phrase peculiar to those regions, "chock full" of rattlesnakes.

I do not know if the Kentucky rattlesnakes differ, save in size, from any other of that torrible species of reptiles, but I do know that nowhere else have I ever seen them so large, so exceedingly fierce, and so old, if one may judge from the number of

rattles upon the tail. To see one of those "rusty" fellows in coil. head erect and vibrating, jaw thrown back, terrible fangs erected, and eyes flashing fire, is a sight that will not soon be forgotten. But, bad as they are, the natives do not

seem to fear them much. I presume that here the old adage, "Familiarity, etc.," holds good, as it is said to do in every thing else. I remember once, while out after turkeys, with old Tine Downs, the crack shot of the

knobs, to have seen an instance of this indifference. The old hunter had sighted a gobbler through the dim mist of early morning, seated

This of itself, however, would have been of little moment, but there was another and greater danger at hand.

The sound that had recalled my wandering thoughts was one that has never yet failed to strike the hearer with a feeling of terror-the keen, sharp note of the rattlesnake as he prepares to strike.

I had just time to take in the situation,

when my mule, almost paralyzed with fright, reared, slipped, and went crashing over the

edge of the gully, carrying me along with He fell square upon his side, of course pinning me to the earth, as I had no time to withdraw my foot from the stirrups.

The bottom of the barranca was so narrow that the mule became wedged, as it were, and despite his furious struggles, was unable to

put to flight all thoughts of the lesser, and at the same time drove from mind the knowledge of the fearful pain in my crushed I have a dim consciousness that as the

But here again a greater danger, a horror,

mule went down the hideous monster made his spring, missed his aim and came rolling down the steep bank right upon me. Instinct, I know not what else, for I have no recollection of having acted deliberately, must have guided my motions in this terrible

emergency. From a semi-unconsciousness, during which my brain was in a whirl, as, indeed, was every thing else, I emerged to find that I had grasped the snake just behind the head, and was engaged in frantic endeavors to prevent the coils from inclosing my neck, for which advantage the rep-

tile actually seemed to be striving.

The hold I had obtained would seem to have been sufficient to decide the contest at once, and in my favor.
So it would have, and for some little while

I did think so myself, but I soon found that a desperate struggle lay before me before I could even hope to conquer my powerful adversary. Rattlesnakes will stand, or at least this

one did, a tremendous quantity of choking.

They are game to the last, strong almost be

yond belief, and quicker than the lightning's flash in their movements. And, besides all this, there was the mule While I was fighting, and choking, and thrashing the snake about, Bob was snortng, plunging, kicking and crushing my le

into the very stones that lay in the creek's Every time the snake in its manifold evolutions would touch the infernal beast, he

thet they wouldn't do a good turn even if

they could make by it.

"I once see them Pawnees do a deed thet made my old blood fa'rly freeze, an' always arterwards I took eespecial pains never to let one of 'em go when I had got a bead onto him. This is how it war. "I hed been scoutin' over in the Pawnee range, an' had come nigh bein' ketched up by the'r huntin'-parties two or three times,

they once got the'r clutches onto me the game 'd be up. You all knows that they never spar'd a white man under no sarcum-"Well, one day I was layin' off in a heavy piece of timber about a mile from the'r village, which war in a valley over a smart bit of a hill, an' hadn't seen an Injun fer more'n two days, when, all of a sudden, I heard the all-firedest yellin' an' screechin' thet ever was, I reckin, an' afore I knowed it, the war full of Pawnees, men, women

so had got mighty keerful, for I knowed if

an' children. When I first heard 'em a-comin' I shinned up a big oak, an' snugged down among the "I felt purty sartin they wouldn't see me,

war arter.

"The whole village had come out, dogs an' all, an' what for, do you reckin?
"They wur goin' to forture a pris'ner, an' thet pris'ner war a young Sioux squaw, as purty a gal as ever I lay eyes on, an' not more'n sixteen years old.

so I jess lay quiet an' watched what they

"They had her roped fast, thet is her arms, an' one of the Pawnees war holdin' a lariat thet was round her neck. "It didn't take 'em long to perpare fer

the performance.
"They picked out a place between two good-sized saplings, whar they kindled a fire with a lot of wood they had fetched along. Arter that, they tied three poles across from tree to tree, sorter slantin' like, so thet when the gal war laid on 'em, which he war purty soon, her feet jest come even with the top of the blaze from the fire.
"Arter the red devils hed fastened the

victem onto these poles, more wood war piled on, an' a couple of warriors took a orch, which they lit, an' held the bleeze un-

der the poor gal's arms.

"I tell you, boys, it war the awfulest sight thet ever my eyes see.

"She wriggled, an' twisted, an' turned, as the fire got hotter an' hotter, but only once did she yell out, an' thet war when one of the cuses in bled a humin' stick in one of the cusses jabbed a burnin' stick in